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PROSPECTUS.

In undertaking the publication of a paper, devoted, as this is designed to be, to the pleasures, amusements, fashions and divertisements of life, the subscribers have been animated by the persuasive encouragements and gratuitous promises of support, of many of the most influential, enlightened and respectable members of the New-York community. It is, to a certain extent, a field unoccupied by others, and one which is deemed important to be filled. For while the politicians, the theologians and the literati of our country have each their separate oracles which (like that at Delphos) proclaim aloud and defend their several opinions and interests; the cause of fashion, of pleasurable entertainments, of taste and recreation, find but few publications of a periodical kind, appropriated solely to their encouragement and support. To paint "life as it is," without the artificial embellishments of romance; to speak of its propensities for enjoyment, its appetite for pleasure, and indulgence, and its tendency to enter into occasional follies, is to do what many must approve, and no one can condemn. For it is certainly no more improper to *record* the acts of men, than to promulgate them orally to the world. "Pleasure," says a noble Frenchman, "is the chief business of life;" and however seemingly incorrect the maxim may be in the estimation of some, yet it is literally true: for the devotee certainly takes pleasure in the exercise of his religion, the merchant and mechanic in their several branches of employment, and the man of letters in his books: while the sportsman who chases the hare, or attends the ring or the race, is only pursuing pleasures in congeniality with his natural or cultivated taste.

In presenting this new candidate for favor and patronage to the public, it is the intention of the publishers to render it as interesting as possible, and to please *all* if they can, without wounding the feelings or disturbing the prejudices of *any*.—The language will be always chaste, so that the most delicate may approve. The paper will treat of FASHION, TASTE, and SCENES OF REAL LIFE, gathered from the every day exhibitions of the world. THEATRES, MUSEUMS, and other fashionable places of resort, will receive appropriate notices, while the SPORTS OF THE TURF, the RING, the PIT, of the FISHER and the FOWLER, will engross no inconsiderable portion of attention. The proceedings of the COURTS, civil and criminal, will as far as possible be given, when matters of interest occur; and more especially those of the POLICE, where Life in all its forms and colorings is so faithfully portrayed. It is also the intention of the editors to devote a considerable portion of each paper to the compilation and dissemination of the news of the day, in summarial form, which will serve as a brief and faithful record of all important passing events, condensing a large mass into a comparatively small compass.

With these intentions, fully and fairly proclaimed, and with the most perfect good feelings towards all our co-laborers in the same vocation, we present ourselves before an enlightened community as candidates for their patronage and smiles.

WILLIAM T. PORTER,
JAMES HOWE.

New-York, Dec. 7, 1831.

NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.—The following description of a newly invented Piano Forte is given in a late number of the Glasgow Courier. We commend it to the attention of Amateurs. The inventor appears to be a man of great natural parts, and possessing what an accurate knowledge of the chromatic scale. The instrument is called a—*Hogomaguffy*!!

"Wishing to enjoy," says the Courier, "a little music on an evening after work he got a box of the general appearance, but deeper and broader than an ordinary piano, and bored a row of holes from one end to the other. Into this box six or seven *swine* are placed, (but there may be more) of different ages, from the sucking pig to the gruff boar, exulting in swinehood. In this way a scale of voices is obtained. The *tail* of each inmate is then drawn through the holes in the box, and the lid closed, so that half a dozen tails hang outside. Whenever our '*amateur*' wishes to play he twitches each tail rapidly and successively, and *the music* begins and lasts as long as he likes. When tired, he just liberates the musicians till the next time. The airs are all Irish, and when the twitching is smartly and skillfully done, the music is not a whit behind the mixture of bands at the late 'Physical Demonstration.'"

A gentleman hearing of the death of another—"I thought," said he to a person in company, "you told me that Tom Wilson's fever had gone off?" "O yes," replied the latter, "it had so, but I forgot to mention, that he was gone off along with it."

The famous Ben Johnson worked for some time as a brick-layer or mason, "and let them not blush," says the historian Fuller, "that have, but those that have not a lawful calling. He helped in the building of the new structure of Lincoln's Inn, when having a trowel in his hand he had a book in his pocket."

We have been much amused in reading a small volume by Capt. F. B. HEAD, consisting as may be seen in the title, of "Rough Notes, taken during some rapid Journeys across the Pampas, and among the Andes," some selections from which we have made for our first number.

The Captain after being landed at Buenos Ayres, [from England] took to galloping across the continent of America; he would start from the Atlantic and gallop to the Pacific, and then setting out at the Pacific, he would re-arrive in a gallop at the Atlantic. "Change" horses "and back again," was the perpetual figure of his country or continental dance. Six thousand miles did the Captain gallop, rapid and rough, as he says, and so far from the fatigue injuring him, he declares that he rode "till he felt no exertion could kill him." Though the pace of the Pampas is an impetuous gallop, Captain Head did not ride so fast as to prevent him from taking notes on the back of his horse—"rough notes" of course, but still very easy to read. Capt. H. was an officer of Engineers, when he was enlisted by the directors of one of the "Bubble Schemes," as superintendent and manager of a mining adventure. Miners and mining implements, commissioners, surveyors, and assayers, were all despatched to America in the most beautiful order; nothing appears to have been omitted but the *mines*: they were to follow as a matter of course. Honest Head seems to have been very much begone on finding that no mines were to be found; however, mines it was necessary to have, and accordingly Head, as Chief Commissioner, set off on a galloping tour in search of one. It is in this "Tour in Search of a Mine," that these Rough Notes were made.

We have been thus prolix that our readers may better understand the Captain, and as we probably may have occasion to call their attention to the subject in a future paper, having neither time nor space for further extracts at present.

There is a very interesting description of the Pampas, inhabitants, &c., but we can only make room for a few very short extracts.

"The Pampas are extensive plains, which spread from the Rio de la Plata to the Andes, a distance of about 900 miles—they are productive chiefly of long grass and thistles; roads are scarcely tracked through them; in some parts they are marsh, in others, bog and loose sand. Inhabitants are thinly scattered over this vast and almost interminable extent of level territory; such property as they have, is in droves of wild horses and other cattle; poverty is much more common than property; but with a horse and a lasso, and a pair of spurs, the galloping Gaucho, which is the name of the dweller in the Pampas, never knows, or at least never regards, privation. His food is strips of jerked beef, his drink is water; his pleasure is galloping, and his pursuit either catching horses and bullocks in his *lasso*, or throwing the *bolas* at the guanaco, or the ostrich. He sleeps in the open air, with no covering but his cloak, no bedding but his saddle, or the skeleton of a horse's head for a pillow. His life is hard, but so is he; he lives the life of perfect liberty, and is as happy, and pretty nearly as uncivilized, as when 'wild in woods the noble savage ran.' * * * * *

"The journey across the Pampas is performed in a time almost incredibly short. The huts, which are termed posts, are at an average about twenty miles, and whether the traveller is proceeding in a carriage or on horseback, the owners supply him with horses. The carriages which alone can stand the roughness of the tracks are of a peculiar kind, without springs of wood or iron, but suspended on hide ropes. Previous to starting, nearly the whole of the wood-work of the carriage, together with the wheels, the spokes, and even the fellies on the circumference of the wheels, are bound with strips of soaked hide. When the hide dries, it becomes perfectly hard, and by its contraction holds every thing perfectly tight. * * * * * * *

"The mode in which the horses are harnessed is admirably adapted to this sort of rough driving. They draw by the saddle instead of the collar, and having only only one trace instead of two, they are able, on rough ground, to take advantage of every firm spot, as their limbs are all free and unconstrained.

"In order to harness or unharness, the peons have only to hook and unhook the lasso which is fixed to their saddle; and this is so simple and easy, that we constantly observed when the carriage stopped, that before any one of us could jump out of it, the peons had unhooked and were out of our sight to catch fresh horses in the corral. In a gallop, if any thing was dropped by one of them, he would unhook, gallop back, and overtake the carriage without its stopping for him. * * * * * * *

"The rate at which the horses travel (if there are enough of them) is quite surprising. Our cart, although laden with twenty-five hundred weight of tools, kept up with the carriage at a hand gallop. One hundred and twenty to thirty-five miles, and sometimes one hundred and fifty or sixty, were travelled in a day. But strange as the account of this driving may sound, the secret would be discovered by any one who could see the horses arrive; the spurs, heels, and legs of the peons are literally bathed with blood, and from the sides of the horses the blood is constantly flowing rather than dropping.

"After this description, in justice to myself, I must say, that it is impossible to prevent it. The horses cannot trot, and it impossible to alter, in merely passing through the country the system of riding, which all over the Pampas is cruel.

"The peons are capital horsemen, and several times we saw them at a gallop throw the rein on the horse's neck, take from one pocket a bag of loose tobacco, and with a piece of paper, or a leaf of the Indian corn, make a segar, and then take out a flint and steel and light it."

Captain Head gives a good account of their very summary mode of breaking horses.

"As the carriage was many hours behind me, I resolved to see this, and getting a fresh horse, I rode immediately to the corral, and soon made friends with the Gauchos, who, though on *foot* are savages, are on *horseback* gentlemen, and are always polite, possessing many estimable qualities which at the door of their hut they appear to be devoid of. The corral was quite full of horses, most of which were young ones, about three and four years old.—The capataz, mounted on a strong steady horse, rode into the corral and threw his lasso over the neck of a young horse, and dragged him to the gate. For some time he was very unwilling to leave his comrades, but the moment he was forced out of the corral, his first idea was to gallop away; however, the jerk of the lasso checked him in a most effectual manner. The peons now ran after him on foot, and threw the lasso over his four legs just above the fetlocks, and, twitching it, they pulled his legs from under him so suddenly, that I really thought the fall he got had killed him. In an instant a Gaucho was seated on his head, and with a long knife in a few seconds he cut off the whole of the horse's mane, while another cut the hair from the end of his tail. This, they told me, is a mark that the horse has once been mounted. They then put a piece of hide into his mouth, to serve as a bit, and a strong hide-halter on his head.—The Gaucho who was to mount, arranged his spurs (about six inches in length and very sharp,) and while two men held the animal by his ears, he put on the saddle which he girthed extremely tight; he then caught hold of the horse's ear, and, in an instant vaulted into the saddle; upon which the man who was holding the horse by the halter, threw the end of it to the rider, and from that moment no one seemed to take any further notice of him. The horse instantly began to jump, in a manner which made it very difficult for the rider to keep his seat; however, the Gaucho's spurs soon set him going, and off he gallopped, doing every thing in his power to throw his rider. Another horse was immediately brought from the corral, and so quick was the operation, that twelve Gauchos were mounted in a space which, I think, hardly exceeded an hour.

"It was wonderful to see the manner in which the different horses behaved. Some would actually scream while the Gauchos were girthing the saddle upon their backs; some would instantly lie down and roll upon it; while some would stand without being held, their legs stiff, and in unnatural directions, their necks half bent towards their tails, and looking vicious and obstinate; and I could not help thinking that I would not have mounted one of these for any reward that could be offered me, for they are invariably the most difficult to subdue.

"It was amusing to look round and see the Gauchos on the horizon in different directions, trying to bring back to the corral the poor creatures, which is the most difficult part of their work, as they had been so scared there, and to see their antics; they were jumping and dancing in different ways, while the right arms of their riders were seen flogging them. At last they brought the horses back, apparently completely subdued and broken in." * * * * *

"The horses of the Pampas are like the common description of Spanish horses, but rather stronger. When caught, they always kick at at any person who goes behind them; and it is often with great difficulty that they can be bridled and saddled: however they are not vicious, and when properly broken in, will allow the children to mount by climbing up their tails." * *

Our extracts have been solely confined to the Pampas; but there is much besides in the Rough Notes relating to subjects of more importance, if not quite so amusing. The Captain crosses the Andes, and is as pleasant a fellow on the other side of them as on this. We have therefore a good account of the transit over the Cordillera, &c. with much sensible observation on mines and mining. But we must take our leave of the Captain, with a hearty shake of the hand; he to gallop in one direction, and we to creep in another. We will say this for him, that a pleasanter *compagnon du voyage* is not to be found; he may ride a little too hard at times, but when you come up with him he is always in good humour, and has got something agreeable to tell. No fare is too rude for him; no fatigue too great; he is at home every where; and the freemasonry of a brave and generous spirit makes him every where acceptable. Fearing nothing, and suffering nothing, he is always in a cheerful humour, and looks upon every thing on the sunny side. Across a table, or across a horse, we should not choose to fall in by accident with a better man.

In the days of the last Wheelock, Tom Wilson was a student at Dartmouth College. Now Tom could look as sober as any Shaker, and was the most of a dare-devil of any one in the Freshmen class, yet his sober face always protected him. Tom was once commanded (and but once) by a senior to go of an errand. "Wilson," said the senior,—"Here, sir, at your service," said Tom—"go to the store and get me some pipes and tobacco"—giving Tom a dollar—"and bring them to No. 10." Tom having done his errand, rapped gently at No. 10. "Come in," said the senior. The door opened, and Tom essayed to go in, but as ill luck would have it, in so doing, he hit his toes against the threshhold, and sprawl came Tom Wilson, *ninety-nine pipes and a* [illegible] *worth of tobacco* on the floor.

APOTHECARIAN LOVE LETTER.

The following letter we picked up, undirected, a short time since. Perhaps, as we always love to relieve the afflicted, the best way of causing it to arrive at its destination, will be an insertion in our paper.

Oh dear! Miss Molly Josephine,
How *could* you be so cruel?
When I perused your billetdoux,
I grew *as weak as gruel*;
My *muscles* lost their *tensile* power
With sudden *enervation*,
And my whole *system* felt at once
A great *debilitation*!

'Twas *dangerous* to my *health*, my dear—
Your unforeseen *acidity*—
My warmest hopes experienced such
A *chill* from your *algidity*!
And when I've told you *how* I felt,
And *how unwell* it made me;
If you'll not then relieve my woes—
Great Æsculapius! aid me!

When first I saw your *healthy* face,
So *fat*, so *plump* and *clever*,
A *titillating sickness* struck
The *region of the liver*,—
The symptoms—mental restlessness—
To sleep, indisposition—
Pulse at one hundred—furry tongue—
For food no appetition,—

Throughout my whole *corporeal frame*
A terrible *commotion*—
'Plain *febrile igns*' said I, and took
A *sudorifick potion*—
No better—*subhate of magnesia*
Swallowed a *strong solution*—
But still the '*dolor colicus*' found
Of *pain no diminution*—

At last a *medical adviser*
Said, '*Amor est causaque?*'
It's heat had ran, as Virgil says,
'*Medullas per ossaque!*'
Your *eyes* as *bright* as my *brass lamp*—
Your *cheeks* as red as *blood*, love!
Your *form*, slim as a *skeleton's*—
How could they be *withstood*, love?

You know my *case*—now judge how poor
My *bodily operations*—
Oh Galen! I must *die*, unless
You hear my lamentations!—
My *bowels* are all o'er *inflamed*—
Tears fall in *spheroid* rapid—
For when I cannot see your charms,
All other sights are vapid!

Now, dear Miss Molly Josephine,
Do listen to my prayers!
My *person*, tho' 'tis *lean* and *tall*
Has very *graceful airs*—
For all the ladies *tell* me so—
And, *giggling*, think they'll get me;
But Jonah Bolus' heart is *gone*!—
No other *dart* can hit me!

My *age* is only *thirty-seven*—
Affairs in decent order—
And soon I'll have a *Druggist's shop*,
With *cures* for each *disorder*;
And if you happen to be *sick*,
Just think, 'twould be *so pleasant*
To have all kinds of medicine
And a physician present.

Now, dearest Molly, be not rash—
Est sanitas bonorum summa!
Pray be *emollient*, or I burn,
And dry up like a *mummy*—
Reflect again—sweet Molly—do,
Nor let me thus live *solus*—
I'll be your *most obedient*
Forever, JONAH BOLUS.

A CATEGORICAL ANSWER.—It may seem a matter of no extraordinary difficulty to give a plain answer to a plain question; and yet it is an art which requires some trouble to learn. In all half-civilized nations, the inquirer for the most simple thing, is met by an enigma for an answer; and, among the peasantry of Scotland and Ireland, civilized as the general communities may be, the system often seems to be studied evasion. This dialogue is the model of thousands in the Hibernian isle.—"Is this the nearest road to Cork?" "Is it to Cork you are going?" "Yes, but my question is, as to the nearest road?" "Why, this road is as near as that on the other side of the hill; for neither of them is any road at all." "Then which way ought I to go?" "Oh, that depends on your honor's own liking. Perhaps you wouldn't like to go back again?" "Certainly not. But, one word for all, my good fellow; do you know any thing about any kind of a road here?" "There now, if your honor had asked that before, I could have told you at once." "Out with it then." "Why the truth is, you honor, that I am a stranger in these parts; and the best thing you can do is to stop till somebody comes that knows all about the way." "Stupid scoundrel! why did you not say so at first?" "Stupid! that's all my thanks. But why did not your honor ask me if I belonged to the place? that would have settled the business. Take a fool's advice and stop where you are."

FASHION.—It is fashionable to complain of fashion. There are some people who make a point of getting quarrelsome upon every change and circumstance in the fashions of modern days. They are perpetually pointing back to the times of old, as if the unstable elements of fashion in the days of their grandmothers were never agitated and changed and dissolved. They ask us to imitate our ancestors—and in what? in the powdered wig, the deer-skin breeches, and the tail-like queue, which according to the sage opinions of Lord Monboddo, completely assimilated the human figure to the Monkey and Ourang Outang? Would they have our fair ones—the 'bright particular stars' of the horizon of beauty, lay aside the light drapery which now floats around their exquisite forms, like the foldings of a sunset cloud around a beautiful spirit of the evening, and don the uncouth garb of their grandmothers? Only think of the hoop—the hooped petticoat! The good saints preserve us from any thing of the like. We would as soon see a lady in the indescribable garb of a Block Island fisherman. Seriously, there is a great deal said to no purpose in regard to the dressing-gear of the ladies. It is moreover ungentlemanly as well as entirely useless. What if the ladies through the medium of their magazines and albums, should undertake to criticise and condemn the habiliments of the "lords of creation?" There would be a universal outcry against such unparalleled presumption. It would not be tolerated. But our gentlemanly writers consider themselves perfectly competent to judge of the fitness or unfitness of any new fashion which finds its way among the ladies. Do they wear a huge bonnet—the sail-like Navarino for instance, hanging over their features like a cloud over the White Mountains; or sport a pair of sleeves at their sides larger than those of the old friars of Melrose, who carried off in theirs provisions and ale for a month's consumption; there is no bounds to the cavillings of the gentleman critics. Then too, there is the corset, the everlasting corset, and nothing but the corset—a perpetual theme for the ill-natured, a standing subject for the first essay of a young physician. We protest against these unpardonable liberties. Let the ladies dress as they please. If a gentleman strangle himself with his cravat, or if his ears suffer from the edge of his starched dickey, no body seems to take cognizance of the matter. So, if the corset of a lady prove as fatal to her as did the poisoned girdle to Moore's Alethe, let us not interfere in such a delicate affair. For ourselves, should the corset be bound tighter and tighter, even to the employing of steam-power in the screwing process, we shall look on in silence.

A SISTER'S LOVE.—There is no purer feeling kindled upon the altar of human affections, than a sister's pure, uncontaminated love for her brother. It is unlike all other affections; so disconnected with selfish sensuality; so feminine in its developement; so dignified, and yet, with all, so fond, so devoted. Nothing can alter it, nothing can suppress it. The world may revolve, and its evolutions effect changes in the fortunes, in the character, and in the disposition of the brother, yet if he wants, whose hand will so speedily stretch out as that of his sister; and if his character is maligned, whose voice will so readily swell in his advocacy. Next to a mother's unquenchable love, a sister's is pre-eminent. It rests so exclusively on the ties of consanguinity for its sustenance, it is so wholly divested of passion, and springs from such a deep recess in the human bosom, that when a sister once fondly and deeply regards her brother, that affection is blended with her existence, and the lamp that nourishes it expires only with that existence. In all the annals of crime it is considered something anomalous to find the hand of a sister raised in anger against her brother, or her heart nurturing the seeds of hatred, envy, or revenge, in regard to that brother. In all affections of woman there is a devotedness which cannot be properly appreciated by man. In those regards where the passions are not at all necessary in increasing the strength of the affections, more sincere truth and pure feeling may be expected than in such as are dependant upon each other for their duration as well as their felicities. A sister's love, in this respect, is peculiarly remarkable. There is no selfish gratification in its out-pourings; it lives from the natural impulse; and personal charms are not in the slightest degree necessary to its birth or duration.

MANNERS.—I make it a point of morality never to find fault with another for his manners. They may be awkward or graceful, blunt or polite, polished or rustic, I care not what they are, if the man means well and acts from honest intentions, without eccentricity or affectation. All men have not the advantages of "good society," as it is called, to school themselves in all its fantastic rules and ceremonies, and if there is any standard of manners, it is one founded in reason and good sense, and not upon these artificial regulations. Manners, like conversation, should be extemporaneous, and not studied. I always suspect a man who meets me with the same perpetual smile on his face, the same congeeing of the body and the same premeditated shake of the hand. Give me the hearty—it may be rough—grip of the hand—the careless nod of recognition and when occasion requires, the homely but welcome salutation—"How are you my old friend?"

BARETTI, in his amusing letters from Spain and Portugal, tells us that he fell in with a Spanish soldier, who in the course of conversation, told him that he had been sometime a prisoner in England, and that he hated the English; and on being asked why, he hesitated awhile, and at last answered, because they ate vinegar with their veal.

The following story gives a lively idea of the Russian rule of Poland.—A Jew met a Cossack in the forest; the latter robbed him of his horse. On returning to the town he lodged a complaint with the mayor in command, who was, with what truth we shall see, reputed to be a most rigid disciplinarian. The Cossacks were paraded, the robber pointed out, when, with the utmost effrontery, he declared he had found the horse. "How," replied the Jew, "I was on his back." "Yes" replied the Cossack, "I found you too, but having no use for a Jew, I did not keep you." The excuse was deemed sufficient, and the Jew lost his steed.

A meeting is called at Dover, of the Bachelors of the towns of Pawlings and Dover, Mass. between the ages of 25 and 40, for the purpose of taking into consideration the present state of the Fraternity, and adopting such measures as may be deemed necessary for the preservation of their public and private welfare.

MONTESQUIEU.—The following authentic anecdote of Montesquieu, communicated by a friend for our paper, would seem to place his character in a new light. We are of opinion, however, that we have seen the article referred to before, but as it may be interesting to a portion of our readers, we give it an insertion, with thanks to our unknown correspondent for his favor.

A young man, named Robert, sat alone in his boat, in the harbour of Marseilles. A stranger had stept in and taken his seat near him, but rose again; observing, that, since the master had disappeared, he would take another boat.—"This sir, is mine," said Robert;—"Would you sail without the harbour?"—"I meant only to move about in the bason, and enjoy the coolness of this fine evening.—But I cannot believe you are a sailor."—"Nor am I—yet on Sundays and holidays I act the bargeman, with a view to make up a sum."—"What! covetous at your age!—Your looks had almost prepossessed me in your favour."—"Alas! Sir, did you know my situation, you would not blame me."—"Well, perhaps I am mistaken—let us take our little cruise of pleasure, and acquaint me with your history."

The stranger having resumed his seat, the dialogue, after a short pause, proceeded thus:—"I perceive, young man, you are sad—what grieves you thus?"—"My father, Sir, groans in fetters, [illegible] He earned a livelihood by petty brokerage, but, in an evil hour, embarked for Smyrna, to superintend, in person, the delivery of a cargo, in which he had a concern. The vessel was captured by a Barbary corsair, and my father was conducted to Tetuan, where he is now a slave. They refuse to let him go for less than 2000 crowns, a sum which far exceeds our scanty means. However, we do our best—my mother and sister work day and night—I ply hard at my occupation of a journeyman jeweller, and, as you perceive, make the most I can of Sundays and holidays. I had resolved to put myself in my father's stead; but, my mother apprised of my design, and dreading the double privation of a husband and only son, requested the Levant captains to refuse me a passage."—"Pray do you ever hear from your father?—Under what name does he pass?—Or what is his master's address?"—"His master is overseer to the royal garden at Fez—and my father's name is Robert at Tetuan, as at Marseilles."—"Robert—overseer of the royal gardens?"—"Yes Sir,"—"I am touched with your misfortunes—but venture to predict their termination."

Night drew on apace. The Unknown, upon landing, thrust into young Robert's hand a purse, containing eight double louis d'or, with ten crowns in silver, and instantly disappeared.

Six weeks had passed since this adventure, and each returning sun bore witness to the unremitting exertions of the good family. As they sat one day at their unsavory meal of bread and dried almonds, old Robert entered the apartment, in a garb little suited to a fugitive prisoner, tenderly embraced his wife and children; and thanked them, with tears of gratitude, for the fifty louis they had caused to be remitted to him on his sailing from Tetuan, his free passage, and a comfortable supply of wearing apparel. His astonished relatives eyed one another in silence. At length, Madame Robert, suspecting her son had secretly concerted the whole plan, recounted the various instances of his zeal. "Six thousand livres," continued she, "is the sum we wanted—and we had already procured somewhat more than the half, owing chiefly to his industry. Some friends, no doubt, have assisted him upon an emergency like the present." A gloomy suggestion crossed the father's mind. Turning suddenly to his son, and eyeing him with the sternness of distraction, "unfortunate boy! what have you done? How can I be indebted to you for my freedom, and not regret it? How could you effect my ransom, without your mother's knowledge, unless at the expense of virtue? I tremble at the thought of filial affection having betrayed you into guilt. Tell me the truth at once—and let us all die, if you have forfeited your integrity." "Calm your apprehensions my dearest father," cried the son, embracing him—"No, I am not unworthy of such a parent, though fortune has denied me the satisfaction of proving the full strength of my attachment—I am not your deliverer—but I know who he is.—Recollect mother, the unknown gentleman, who gave me the purse. He was particular in his inquiries. Should I pass my life in the pursuit, I must endeavor to meet with him, and invite him to contemplate the fruits of his benificence." He then related to his father all that passed in the pleasure boat, and removed every distressing suspicion.

Restored to the bosom of his family, Robert again partook of their joys, prospered in his dealings, and saw his children comfortably established; at last, on a Sunday morning, as his son sauntered on the quay, he recognized his benefactor, clasped his knees, and entreated him, as his guardian angel, as the saviour of a father and a family, to share the happiness of his own creation. The stranger again disappeared in the crowd—reader, this stranger was—MONTESQUIEU!!

"What a pity it is," said a lady to Garrick, "that you are not taller!" "I should be happy, indeed, madam," replied Garrick, "to be higher in your estimation."

UNSEASONABLE FRUIT.—Mr. Potter, the ventriloquist, has laid on our table, a small branch of an apple tree, loaded with fresh green leaves and the second growth of fruit. The apples are of the size of walnuts, and one is larger. Though this man is an acknowledged adept in matters of illusion, we are assured that this production is beyond his powers of conjuration. He plucked the branch from a tree belonging to Mr. L. Ford, of the Neponset House, Dorchester, where still remains other evidences of the same verdure and fertility. The tree blossomed the second time, Sept. 21.—*Boston Traveller.*

☞ In order to make some necessary arrangements in our Office, &c. and to receive answers from distant Agents and Correspondents, we shall publish our next paper on the 24th inst., after which we shall issue it regularly every Saturday morning.

We must claim the usual indulgence of the public for the deficiency of distant information, owing to our want of exchange papers, and the difficulty of procuring such intelligence as we want nearer home, which will hereafter be obviated by the supply we shall speedily receive of both. Sporting gentlemen are requested to furnish us whatever information they may from time to time receive, of subjects connected with our publication. This will oblige, not only ourselves, but the public whom we wish to serve.

We have made arrangements and shall in future be able to present our readers with full Reports of the City Police and other Courts. Owing to the great difficulty of engaging a competent Reporter, we could not, this week, do justice to that department.

It is due to our Engraver, (Mr. S. D. Childs, 175 Broadway,) to state that we were obliged in order to issue our sheet to-day, to use his engraving for our "head" in an unfinished state; we are indebted to him also for the *spirited* design. Our readers will find it much improved in our next impression.

We have entered on our Subscription Book, and forwarded this No. of our paper, to several friends and former patrons, who in occasional intercourse, before we formed the design of establishing one of this character in New-York, kindly offered us their support in the event of any such undertaking. If time or distance may have changed the spirit of these expressions, we hope they will so far extend their usual courtesy, as to give us early intimation of the fact.

To those friends, also, who have hitherto sustained us, and who have now come forward even unasked, and proffered us their able and cordial support, we feel inadequate to express our deep sense of their kindness. We can only assure them that the most assiduous and unwearied exertion of our time, and the poor talents we possess, shall never be wanting to repay them in any degree, for their numberless obligations as unexpected as unmerited.

President's Message.—This important public document, which annually excites so much and such general attention near the commencement of each Session of Congress, reached this city in 15 hours from the time of its delivery. It is an interesting expose of the affairs of the nation, and presents a bright picture of national prosperity. Although not disposed to take a partizan view of any political subject, yet we cannot refuse the tribute of our respect to that interesting document, rich as it is in information and luminous in the portrayal of our public affairs, our domestic situation, and our foreign relations. The prosperous condition of our country, elevated as it is in freedom, wealth, dignity and power, the productive increase of our ..., and the near approach of that important epoch, when our national debt will be completely extinguished with the armor and attitude in which we stand, with the nations of the earth, at peace with all, at enmity with none, strikes us as proper subjects of joy and gratulation. From this view of the subject we cannot fail to commend the message, as a picture of national prosperity which the world must admire.

By an arrival at this port, London papers have been received of the 24th of October, fourteen days later than previous dates. They bring accounts of the *Prorogation in the British Parliament*—of *Riots in England*, in consequence of the rejection of the Reform Bill—of a vote of the French Chamber of Deputies to *abolish the hereditary peerage of France*—of the *final settlement of the difficulties between Holland and Belgium*—and of the *spread of the Cholera to Hamburgh*.

Our readers, generally, are so well acquainted with the recent news from Europe, that we have thought proper to make but very few selections.

England.—Parliament was prorogued on the 20th of October to the 22d of November. It is the determination of Ministers to introduce a new Reform Bill, immediately on the opening of the next session, and, in the language of Earl Grey, in reply to an address of the people, "All measures will be taken by Ministers with a view to the most effectual means of insuring the success of this important object." It is supposed that the bill will be modified in some of its parts to meet the objections of the Lords, but the Ministers stand pledged to make no alteration in any of its essential features. From the spirit displayed in the public meetings held in all the large towns of the kingdom, it is evident that a rejection of the bill by the Lords a second time would be followed by a revolution.

Prorogation of Parliament.

House of Lords.—Thursday, Oct. 20.—This day being fixed for the prorogation of Parliament by his Majesty, preparations were made at an early hour to give the usual eclat to this national ceremony. To prevent any interruption of the public peace, a strong body of police began at twelve o'clock to line the streets from the Palace to the House of Lords, and shortly afterwards detachments from the Horse Guards arrived on the ground, to add splendor and efficacy to their arrangements. The houses along the line of procession were crowded with well dressed ladies and gentlemen.

At two o'clock the bells of St. Margaret's Church, and the cheers of the people on the outside of the house, gave notice to those in the inside of his Majesty's approach. Shortly afterwards the firing of minute guns announced his Majesty's arrival at the House. The Lord Chancellor and Earl Grey immediately withdrew to receive their patriotic Monarch. As they passed through the painted Chamber to the Robing Room, they were both cheered loudly by the spectators waiting there. The Lord Chancellor's reception, next to that of the King, was we understand particularly enthusiastic. His Majesty having ascended the throne, the House of Commons were summoned to attend, shortly after which the Speaker, accompanied by Lord Althorp and other members, made their appearance. The Speaker holding the appropriation bill in his hand, then addressed his Majesty. The royal assent was then given to the Act brought up by the Speaker, and to several other Acts; after which His Majesty read his speech.

Gen. Lallemand, who is well known in this country, having resided for a considerable period in New-York, has lately received from Louis Phillipe the command of two brigades of cavalry in the 5th military division of the kingdom.

The following from a Cork paper is not bad—During the week two Middies of very tender age, went into the Imperial Hotel, Cork, and after giving the bell a tug which might have been heard at least half a mile, summoned the waiter into their presence, when the following order was given—"Waiter, let us have a bottle of wine, half a dozen of cigars and a newspaper, and send up a boy to read it."

Brown's Benefit at Manchester.—The Bridgenorth Hero took his benefit at the Manchester Riding School and Gymnasium, Lower Mosley street, on Thursday evening last. The place was much crowded with sporting gentlemen and others from Heaton Park Races, where Brown received much encouragement, having sold £50 worth of tickets the same day on the Race ground. The admission to the front seats was 2s. 6d., and to the back 1, both of which were quite full. Brown was received with cheers, and amused the company by setting to with Yorkshire Robinson and Young Gas. Robinson and Gas also set to with ability; as did the Irish Plasterer and Jack Rodgers, the showman; Dick Davis, and Parkinson, and others of the Manchester fancy lent a hand on the occasion. The evening's amusement closed by Mr. Harrison performing several admired exercises with the broad sword, composed by himself. Brown was in high spirits; he has already got rid of the wounds inflicted upon him in the late fight, and, to use his own words, is as well as ever he was in his life. He repeated his challenge to fight Sampson £500 to 400. But it is now thought that Sampson's courage, like the support of his backers is cooling upon it. Brown, after his benefit, left Manchester for Liverpool, where he also took a benefit on Friday, at the George the IV, Hood street.

The expenses of the coronation in England, exceeded 50,000l.; about one hundred and thirty four thousand dollars of our currency. An amount more than sufficient to pay the salary of the President of the United States, for five years.

A Tavern near the London Fish Market, (Billingsgate, is asserted to sell upwards of 4,000 glasses of gin, between 4 and 8, A. M—many of the fishwoman and porters consuming from 10 to 12 glasses before breakfast.

It appears by official documents that in Great Britain there are no fewer than 264,000 holders of Stock in the Bank of England, whose dividends do not exceed £200 a year. One hundred and ninety one thousand and one hundred and sevsnty newspapers leave London for the country every week.

A man was recently executed in England for a supposed murder, who, after the execution, was solemnly declared by his brother to be innocent. The assertion of the brother is said to have been corroborated by the declaration of the deceased, a few days before his execution, when pressed to make confession as all his hope was gone.

TWENTY-SECOND CONGRESS.

FIRST SESSION.

Monday Dec. 5, 1831.

This being the day fixed by the Constitution for the meeting of the Congress of the United States, the two Houses assembled in their respective Chambers in the Capitol.

In Senate.—Mr. Smith, of Md. President. *pro tem.* of the Senate, in the absence of the Vice President, took the chair at 12 o clock, and on calling the House to order, it appeared that the following members were present, viz.

Messrs Bell, Clay, Dickerson, Dudley, Ewing, Foote, Grundy, Hanna, Hayne, Hendricks, Hill, Holmes, Johnston, Kane, King, Knight, Mangum, Marcy, Miller, Moore, Naudain, Poindexter, Prentiss, Robbins, Robinson, Ruggles, Seymour, Silsbee, Smith, Sprague, Tomlinson, Tyler, White, Wilkins.

On motion of Mr. Grundy, a Message was sent to the House of Representatives, notifying that a quorum of the Senate had assembled, and were ready to proceed to business.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

The hour of twelve having arrived, the House was called to order by the Clerk; when the roll being called by States, in order to ascertain the number of members present, two hundred and two representatives answered to their names.

The House then proceeded to the election of a Speaker.

The result of the first ballot was announced to be—

For Andrew Stevenson, of Virginia, 98;
For Joel B. Sutherland, of Penn., 54;
For C. A. Wickliffe, of Kentucky, 15;
For John W. Taylor, of New-York, 18;
For Lewis Condict, of New-Jersey, 4;
Scattering, 6.

The whole number of votes being 195.

The Hon. Andrew Stevenson, of Virginia, having received 98 votes (the exact number necessary for a choice,) was declared to be duly elected Speaker of the House of Representvtives.

Tuesday, Dec. 6, 1831.

In Senate.—Mr. King, from the joint Committee appointed to wait on the President of the United States, and inform him that both Houses of Congress having met and formed a quorum, were ready to receive any communication which he might deem necessary to make, reported that the committee had performed the duty assigned them, and were informed by the President that he would communicate his annual message to both branches of Congress, on this day at 12 o'clock.

The annual Message from the President of the United States, was then received through the hands of A. J. Donelson, Esq. his private Secretary.

A destructive fire occurred in Augusta, Ga. on the 30th ultimo. Some ten or dozen buildings were demolished; five or six were entirely consumed, and amongst them, the office and a considerable part of the printing apparatus of the Augusta Chronicle, one of the ablest and best papers of the State. We more especially commiserate the misfortunes of Mr. Pemberton, the editor, as we have the honor of a personal acquaintance with him, and know him to be a *gentleman* in every respect, and as noble-hearted a fellow as there is in the world. The insurance on the whole amount of property lost, is about $60,000.

Fashion at the Capitol.—Several large and decided fashionable parties are making up in this city, to spend the months of January and February in Washington. The milliners and dress makers are tasking their intellects in devising new and elegant dresses, sufficient to astonish and dazzle the western and southern belles whom they expect to encounter on the banks of the Potomac. The young Stultzes have also been engaged in similar pursuits for the equipment of the other sex. The approaching season at Washington is expected to be one of the most gay, fashionable, and dashing that we have had in twenty years.
New-York Cour. & Enq.

Fatal Accident.—On Sunday morning, the 13th Nov. a party of men, being in pursuit of deer in the western part of Morgan county, Va. discovered one on the Potomac, near the mouth of Cacapon river, which took to the water. Some of the party having crossed to the Maryland side of the Potomac, Hieronimus Dick, one of them, fired at the deer while in the water and missed. At the same instant, Adam Kailer, who is said not to have been connected with the party, but who was on a visit to the house of a friend on the Virginia side, aware of Dick's intention to fire and being in the direction of his aim, stepped behind a tree, but observing a negro near him move to avoid the danger, he also started from his concealment, and the next moment received the ball from Dick's rifle just above the groin, fell, and instantly expired. The ball had missed the deer as we have stated, struck the water and glanced. Its lamentable effect was the next moment observed by the party on the Maryland side, and Dick exhibited the most poignant grief at the event; yet one of his companions observed the deer to have missed the fire, and callous to the scene before him, is said to have taken the gun, loaded it deliberately, and shot the animal. Kailer was about 21 years old, and a young man of much promise.—*Winchester Republican.*

Mr A. Adams is performing at the Norfolk theatre. The Jefferson family are preparing for a winter campaign at Washinton.

Booth, is playing at the Holliday street Theatre in Baltimore.

Mr. R. P. Smith's tragedy of *Caius Marius* is to be performed at the Arch street Theatre on Wednesday evening. Mr. Smith's literary productions, generally, have gained him an enviable reputation. His dramatic pieces prove him to possess, what many good writers, even of those who have turned their attention to the theatre, want entirely,—a knowledge of stage effect.

It seems almost certain, that the postage on Newspapers will be repealed during the approaching session of Congress.

Mr. Bobbit a resident of Milton, N. C. was bitten by a Rattle Snake, a few days since, the effect of which caused his death in about six hours after.

Who has escaped the influenza? Those who can say "No" to day, may not be so fortunate to-morrow. It is spreading through the whole city, and though not dangerous it is unpleasant.

On the 1st of December, the State law passed at the last session of the Ohio Legislature, forbidding the circulation of bank notes of a less denomination than five dollars on any bank out of the State, goes into effect. The penalty is a fine of five dollars on every note circulated, to be recovered as other debts are, and applied to the State School Fund.

A young man named Roby has been indicted before the Supreme Court, Boston for the Murder of his betrothed last Spring in Belknap street. According to a Boston paper, it is a modern affair of Othello and Desdemona, but far less deliberate than the Moor's—the paroxysm of jealousy being as sudden as it was violent.

On Friday, a fine fat ox, of the native Yankee breed, raised by Mr. Ephraim Tuner, Philipston, Ms. was exhibited in State street, Boston. He was of a bright red color, and weighed 2800 lbs.

Miss Clark the Lilliputian songstress, 37 inches high and 20 years of age, is at the Albany Museum. A stop appears to be put upon her age as well as her growth.

A women named Taylor has been arrested in Philadelphia on a charge of passing counterfeit bills. In searching her husband's lodging rooms a number of plates and dies used for counterfeiting were found.—*New York Cour. & Enq.*

Editors appear to be in high feather, in Boston. Among the representatives elected to the General Court lately, we find the names of Mr. Hale, of the Daily Advertiser; Mr. Buckingham of the Courier; Mr. Homer of the Gazette; Mr. Walter, of the Transcript; Mr. Greene, of the Statesman; Mr. Child, of the Journal; and Messrs. Russell and Minns, late editors of the Centinel and Palladium.—Mr. Davis of the Patriot, was put in nomination, but declined the honor.—*N. Y. Gazette.*

A bill has been introduced into the Legislature of Tennessee, to authorise *females* to obtain bills of divorce free of costs!

The 22d of February next will complete a century since the birth of Washington.

Flour of sulphur, it is asserted, will effectually put out a chimney on fire.

Mr. George W. Crabb, offers his share of the Chester County Democrat, published at Downingtown, for sale. The patronage and jobbing custom are represented as being good.

A foot race is to be run next Christmas day, at Natchitoches, for one hundred dollars, between two persons, one aged 68 and the other 72 years. Old *dandy* Time will beat them both, some of these days.

Near Rutland, Vt. a small boy was hunting squirrels, 18th inst. His dog seized a fine deer by the nose, and the boy brought down the deer in true Green Mountain style.

Boston had the first *printing press* the first *canal*, the first *rail-road* and the first *fighting for independence* in America.

The sum of $170,000 has been already subscribed in aid of the Richmond, Va. rail-road.

The Portland Courier of Wednesday says, the damage by the storm in that town has been estimated at $50,000.

The address which George M. Dallas, Esq. delivered at Princeton on the 27th September last the evening before the Annual Commencement of the College of New-Jersey, has been published at the request of the American Whig and Cliosophic Societies, and is beautifully printed in a pamphlet. It is an appropriate and eloquent composition, replete with sound precepts. Love of country, and especially of such a country as we have is its main topic.

The Firemen of the city of Baltimore have organized an Association, consisting of delegates from the several companies, to which will be given power to enact laws for the regulation of the fire apparatus in time of fire.

Encouragement to Young Men.—John Henry Prentiss, about 20 years of age, Clerk in the Counting House of Messrs. Williams, Putnam & Co. Boston, and a son of Judge Prentiss, one of the United States' Senators from the State of Vermont, received the annual prize of the Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge, for the best essay, entitled "The American Tariff Laws and their probable effect upon Trade, Commerce and Manufactures."

Counsellor Sampson, in the course of an eloquent reply to a toast drank to his health and happiness at a dinner lately given him in this city expressed himself thus—"I might have risen to higher fortunes, and had I stooped as low as others did, I might have worn a coronet, and left, in dying, to my posterity, a high and sounding title to hereditary—infamy."

The establishment of the Elkton Press, at Elkton, Md. is offered for sale. The paper has a list of about 500 subscribers. Terms reasonable.

C. S. Jacobs, Esq. offers to sell "The Lancaster Republican." The subscription is represented as very respectable, and the position is a good one for business.

The Franklin Institute in Philadelphia, have offered a premium of $100 for the best constructed lamp for illuminating the streets of this city.

At San Blas, on the coast of Darien, there is a small settlement of Indians, established for the sole purpose of taking turtle. It is under the management of three English, two American, and three Colombian Traders, who make a great profit, the average value obtained per year being $28,000. It is stated as a curious fact, that the handsomest shell is taken from the animal while alive; the beauty of the shell becoming less after the animal is dead.

Lo!—A writer in a St. Clairsville, Ohio, paper tells the following story as every word true: "In Nov. 1827, then living in Harrison county, Ohio, I killed a small hog and dressed it on the face of a large red oak stump. In the March following I observed most of the bristles left on the stump from dressing the hog, to be sticking into the wood endwise—and on pulling them out, I found to each bristle two or three *roots* from 3-4 to 1 2 of an inch long, having actually commenced a vegetable growth."

The writer of this curious piece of natural history must be the same man of whom it is told that on a certain time when slaughtering a hog in the woods, he lost his jack-knife, which dropped among the dried leaves, and in the following summer happening to pass the same place, he was surprised to see a large bush covered with jacknives, which hung depending from the stems like fruit.

Prosperity of the West.—The editor of the Cincinnati Advertiser says, in a late paper—"We took a walk up to the ship-yards a day or two since, and counted no less than *eleven new boats*, from one hundred to four hundred tons burthen; some were launched and others on the stocks; add to which new boats have been arriving at the landing place here, from towns up the river, at least once a week for six or eight weeks past. Yesterday the neat, convenient and well built new boat Friend came to the landing; she is one of a line of packets that are to run between this and Louisville, and carry the mail, at present three times a week, but arrangements are making to run them *daily* in the spring: this will be a great convenience to the commercial part of the community, and what they profit by, more or less benefits every one."

Mrs. Royal's Paul Pry.—Mrs. Royal is at her post at Washington. We received the first number of her Paul Pry yesterday from Washington. The following is the cream of her *cargo*:
Cour. & Enq.

"We shall patronize merit of whatsoever country, sect or politics. We shall advocate the liberty of the press, the liberty of speech, and the liberty of conscience. The enemies of these bulwarks of our common safety, as they have shown none, shall receive no mercy at our hands; and as for those cannibals the anti-masons, the cotemporaries of negro insurgents, we shall meet them upon their own ground—I mean that of extermination. For the rest, let all pious generals, colonels and commandants of our army and navy who make war upon old women beware—let all pious postmasters who cheat the government by franking tracts, beware. Let the same pious men who have robbed the mail of our money, beware. Let all pious contractors who stop packages beware. Let all pious postmasters who cannot read, commence learning henceforth—never too late to learn. Let all pious booksellers who take bribes fear and tremble. Let all pious young ladies who hawk tracks into young gentlemen's rooms, beware;—and let Old Maids and Old Bachelors marry as soon as they can. So look out good folks!"

Hagerstown, (Md.) Dec. 2.

"Lovely Woman."—We said in the last Mail, "More 'Lovely Woman,' and more Masonry very soon." But little did we think that on the same day we should have witnessed such a scene as we did at the Court House, in Hagerstown.—A good looking young man was put upon trial on a criminal accusation,—presently, a lady, full of youth and beauty, was seen in the court house, with a green calash, and went up and took a seat near the prisoner. Something was said about her being present, and a friend told her she had better leave the court house; but with tears in her eyes, she said she would rather stay. She remained, until one of his counsel gave her a hint that she had better retire,—she did so, and took her stand in the dark recess under the Judge's seat, and remained there until the jury had retired, when, after much persuasion, she went to a private room in an adjoining Hotel. There she remained with a few of her own sex, trembling "with hope and fear," until the jury came down.

A friend went to tell her the result of 'Not Guilty,' but remained silent—"Oh! it is all over," she said. In a moment after the door flew open and she was in her husband's arms and gave vent to a flood of tears.

This scene brought to our memory the beautiful song—"Come rest on this bosom, my own stricken deer." Here was "Lovely Woman," saying in language more powerful than words—

"I know not, I ask not if guilt's in thy heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art."

We loved "Lovely Woman" enough before, but this scene showed her to us in a new aspect—we had read romantic tales on such subjects, but this was all reality, all pure nature; perish the man, who will calumniate woman.—*The Mail.*

Adventures of Nimrod Wildfire.—I was ridin along the Mississippi in my wagon, when I came across a feller floatin' down stream sittin' in the starn of his boat fast asleep? Well I hadn't had a fight for ten days—*felt as though I should have to kiver myself up in a salt barrel to keep*—so Wolfy about the head and shoulders. So says I, 'hulloa, stranger! if you don't take keer your boat will run away with you!' So he looked at me slantindicler, and I looked at him slantendicler—he took out a chaw of tobacco, and says he, 'I dont value you tantamount to *that!*' and then the varmint flapped his wings and crow'd like a cock. I riz up, and shook my mane, crooked my neck, and neigh'd like a horse. He run his boat plump head foremost ashore. I stopt my wagon and sot my triggers. 'Mister, says he, 'I can whip my weight in wild-cats and ride straight through a crab apple orchard on a flash of lightning. Clear meat-ax disposition—the best man, if I an't, I wish I may be tetotaciously exfluncated!'

The two belligerents join issue, and the Colonel goes on to say—

"He was a pretty hard colt, but no part of a priming to such a feller as me. *I put it to him mighty droll*—in ten minutes he yelled enough! and swore I was a ripstaver! Says I, *Ain't I the yaller flower of the Forest!* and I'm all brimstone but the head, and that is aquafortis!' Says he, *Stranger you're a beauty!* oh, if I only know'd your name, I'd vote for you next election. Says I, my name is Nimrod Wildfire—half horse, half alligator and a touch of the earthquake—that's got the prettiest sister, fastest horse, and ugliest dog in the District, and can outrun, outjump, knockdown, drag out, and whip any man in all Kaintuck."

A bust of Benjamen West, by Chantry, has been presented by Major Gibbon, of Richmond, Va. to the Pennsylvania Hospital. "It has been placed in the building where the work of the of the distinguished artist, and benefactor of the Hospital is exhibited, with the following inscription, "BENJAMIN WEST, Born in Pennsylvania, A. D. 1738. Died in London, A. D. 1820. Presented by James Gibbon, of Richmond Virginia, A. D. 1831."

Statue to Washington.—it is suggested in the American, that if the thousands of our citizens who would gladly contribute to this object, in the sums varying from $1 to $10, would only interest themselves in the scheme, and give in their names at Mr. Greenough's exhibition room, or at the office of any of our public journals, success would be certain. We like the suggestion, and will very willingly assist in receiving the names of persons disposed to aid in carrying into effect a project, which has, to our city's shame, been but too long neglected.—*N. Y. Gazette.*

The New-Orleans Bee, says—The laborers engaged at Philadelphia for the excavation of the canal, arrived on Saturday last, and made a most unfavorable debut in our city. They had barely been two hours in port, when, we are informed, they maltreated the captain and crew of the vessel which conveyed them here. The seamen now in port took a part, it would seem, in the concern, and many of the laborers received ample evidence of Jack's system of retaliation. Cracked crowns and streaming noses were the portion of more than one luckless wight.

The Miners Journal of Saturday says, "A novel spectacle was exhibited last week. A flock of Turkies, driven a distance of thirty or forty miles, and 150 in number, marched in close phalanx into our borough. The winged pedestrians met with a welcome reception."

A week or two since, the captain of a wood sloop left his craft quietly at anchor in the East river, opposite the Manhattan market, and, on the morrow, what was his astonishment to perceive that his vessel had disappeared, and no traces of her could be obtained for two or three days, when she was discovered embedded in the mud, near the Navy Yard, some thieves having hove up the anchor and sold it at Brooklyn, the cable was also disposed of at a junk shop in the upper part of the city.

The Providence Journal mentions a gang of stout boys and lawless young men, who at night frolics in the evening, and disturb the streets by attacking colored people. They lately knocked down with a stone and severely wounded the head of an industrious colored man, who had been sent on an errand by a very respectable citizen. They wear drab box coats, low crowned drab hats, and call themselves the "Hell-fire Club."

The editors of the Albany Literary Gazette, sometime since offered a premium of $100 for the best Original Tale, and $50 for the best Original Poem, to be transmitted to them at Albany, previous to the 1st of December. In consequence of repeated solicitations, they have extended the time for receiving any pieces which may be offered, until the first of January next.

About four miles from Towanda in Bradford county, Mr. Charles Brown, about a fortnight since shot a wild cat, measuring three feet eight from the nose to the end of the tail, one foot in height, and one foot in round the thickest part of the body. The Panther's he ... is said to have been heard lately in the same vicinity.

Counterfeit bills for $3 on the Western Reserve Bank, Ohio, are in circulation. The paper on which they are printed is more spongy than that of the genuine bills.

Man-monkey.—M. Gouffe, arrived at Boston a few days since, from London, is to appear at the Federal street theatre. The Boston Transcript say she has acquired the appellation of Man-monkey from his remarkable imitation of the manners of the animal he represents. They are described as so natural that the spectator loses all idea of the *man* in his admiration of the *ape*. A late English paper says that his muscular power and activity are incredible.

Paganini, the great violin player, is represented as one of the most mercenary men in Europe, although immensely rich. A late number of the London Harmonicon says:—Spagnoletti who led the band at the concerts given by Paganini, has been obliged to have recourse to legal measures to obtain what was due to him for his services! Such a fact, the profits of those performances being considered, is almost incredible; nevertheless it is indisputably true.

Mr. Finn is playing in Boston. At his benefit, on a late occasion, the receipts of the house were nearly $1,000. A Mr. Fletcher, from Drury Lane is exhibiting at the Tremont Theatre, "his celebrated Venitian Statues, or living models of antiquity." Mons. Gouffe, recently from Europe, appeared on Monday last, in the *Dutch Sorevard*. His performance of the *Monkey* in *La Perouse*, is said to be a very close approximation to nature.

A full length portrait of the tragedian, Forrest, has been issued from Pendleton's lithographic press, at Boston. He is represented as *Spartacus*, the gladiator, exclaiming—"Let them come in—we are armed. The likeness is pronounced faithful; in which point, we think it differs from the other published portraits of the same subject.

"Lions of the day."—In a drama in rehearsal at the Drury Lane Theatre, London, lions are to take a part. The piece is said to possess very high merit as a composition. The whole, it is added, is admirably devised, and nothing is more astonishing in this entertainment, than the manner in which the agency of the lions is kept subordinate and auxiliary, merely, to the interest of an ably constructed plot.

The person who trains these beasts is a Monsieur Martin, of Paris. The scenes in which he is to appear are classical. His first situation is as Androcles; then as Laocoon, where he strangles two serpents; then there is a view of the Lion's Den, and a struggle between Monsieur M. and the lion. The scenery suited to these representations is one of the triumphs of mechanical art.—The subordinate actors in the piece—the lions and tigers—are actually in cages all the while, yet to the spectators they appear to be at large.

NEW-YORK.

Police.—The Police Court forms an interesting feature of the moral physiognomy of this city. By its operations and under the exertion of its influence, the peace and order of society is preserved, the laws enforced, persons and property protected, and the rights and safety of individuals guaranteed; while the guilty arrested in their career of crime are brought to condign punishment.

The Police Justices who administer this branch of the laws are gentlemen of ripe age, sound judgment, stirling integrity, urbane manners; and possesses an intimate acquaintance with the wayward propensities, that characterize the erring nature of man. The Police marshals who execute with so much zeal the mandates of the court, are generally men, in whom the public repose the most confidence, well versed in their business, and vigilant and active in the detection and apprehension of offenders. As this court is so important in the current history of "Life in New York," much attention will be hereafter bestowed upon its proceedings.

During the past week, the usual number of larcenies great and petty, the usual number of rows and riots, the usual number of evidences of matrimonial felicity have been exhibited: and stolen goods, such as cloaks, coats, hats, vests, shoes, linen, spoons, &c. &c. have accumulated about in the accustomed proportion in the office. The wonted number of culprits have found lodgings in prison, and many more are now candidates for the same enviable honors.

Wednesday, Nov. 30.

Adams and Jackson.—Two black fellows were brought to the Police Office on Wednesday evening, named Joseph Adams and Alm. Jackson, charged with stealing a hog's *head*,—(not the "whole hog) and a mackerel. They have been pilfering a long time from grocery stores. They were committed in full for the theft, and also for an assault on the complainant.

A young lady appeared in complaint of the conduct of a young man, who on the evening of the 23d seized her, and carried his importunities so far, as to oblige her, at the corner of Varick and Canal streets, to cry out for assistance,—when fortunately, a gentleman who resides in the neighbourhood came to her assistance. In the scuffle which ensued between Mr. A. and the assailant, the latter made his escape, leaving his cloak and umbrella in the hands of the rescuer of the lady.

Thursday, Dec. 1.

The hardware store, No. 334, Bowery, was entered last night by means of false keys, and robbed of the change in the drawer, and about 12 dozen fine penknives. A man and a boy about 11 years old, were seen coming out of the store, who no doubt committed the robbery.

Several houses were robbed last night of cloaks and coats.

Four black men were arrested and committed yesterday and this day, charged with stealing goods from store doors.

PHILADELPHIA.

Wednesday, Nov. 30.—*A Merry Chap.*—One of the prisoners afforded considerable amusement in the office this morning. The watch found him in the street, without a hat or a home, and provided him with lodging for the night. The Mayor recognized him as having been repeatedly brought up before. His name was Hagerty.

Mayor.—What was the matter with you last night, Hagerty?

Prisoner.—Why, I intended to go till Newcastle, till work just; and had put my baggage on board a packet, and it sailed without me; but I was going by land to day.

Mayor.—You have been in every Court for the last two years, and are now looking fair for taking a part in the next which you know will shortly be in session.

Prisoner.—No, your honor, I've had enough of courting now, I will do ... for a while, and I'll go right out of the city, if you'll let me, and never come back.

Mayor.—Are you sure you will leave the city immediately?

Prisoner.—Och! by my faith I will. God bless you; an' if your honor plases, I'll not take my finger off my nose till I get across the Schuylkill bridge.

Mayor.—You can go then.

And making one of his "best," he started for the bridge.

Friday, Dec. 2.—*An Impudent Robber.*—Look to your front doors!—Hats, coats, and cloaks are coming into great demand among the light fingered, nightstooted, booty-loving gentry; and ten to one if the dealers be not set, that while you are discussing your ... and sipping ... at the tea table, ... wrapper, which you left in the hall, is "covering a multitude of sins," on its way to the pawnbrokers, to undergo a metamorphosis. Among the many instances of articles having disappeared in an unaccountable manner, from the interior of various houses which were considered particularly safe and private, is one in Eighth below Chesnut, from which several articles have vanished in rather a singular manner. A young gentleman, a boarder, who resides in the house and who performs on the flute, had purchased an elegant six-keyed black ebony flute, in the month of October, and was in the habit of blowing a few tunes upon the instrument almost every evening after tea; and about a week ago he had as usual taken up the instrument, amused himself, and laying it on the sideboard, stepped into another room. He was absent about five minutes; on his return the flute was gone. It is a singular instrument; has six joints, is lined with composition, ivory ferrules, and screw cap, with a silver band half inch wide, with the owner's name, P. Smith engraved upon it, at the first joint, of the upper section, in consequence of a crack in the wood; the keys are silver. The loser at first supposed it had been hidden by a young lady in the house for mischief, but she denied the charge, and the truth dawned upon him in an instant that it had been stolen, during the short period he was out of the room; and he recollected having heard the door shut as he entered. Upon examination, a valuable white merino shawl, with a small flower in the border, changeable on alternate edges, was also missed. The absent articles doubtless went in company. There was a dead latch on the door, but it had not been unstopped and let down, so that persons could enter and leave the hall without trouble or noise.

Just after dark last evening the lady of another house, who was reading in the parlor adjoining the hall, heard some one, as she supposed, enter the front door, with the intention of passing through, she stepped to the door which communicates with the hall, and jerked it quickly open, when a man who was in the hall sprang back, with the intention of reaching the outside of the door, and escaping, but unfortunately—or fortunately—struck the inside, which slammed the door to, and fastened him in. The rogue, with the utmost sang froid, asked, "does Mr. Jones live here?" "No," was the quick reply of the lady; and observing a cloak on his arm, which she recognized as being her husband's, she remarked, "you had better lay that cloak down," at the same time calling a man's name, as though there was another person in the house. The fellow dropped the cloak, pulled open the door, and was out of sight in an instant. He had not left the step three minutes when the "men folks" arrived. The intruder was a small white man, with light pants, dark coat, and large whiskers. He will enter there once too often yet.

Saturday, Dec. 3.—A young fellow who called himself Claypole, was taken from the Arch street Theatre on Saturday night for riotous and disorderly conduct. The door-keeper stated that he had passed in and out of the house several times before the commencement of the performance; that by the time the curtain had risen, he had got very "tipsy" at a neighboring tavern, and attempted to pass into the theatre without giving his check, although he had one when he went out. The doorkeeper told the prisoner that he had best go home or he would get into difficulty, for the police regulations were such as that any one who was intoxicated and disposed to break the peace, or disturb the audience, was immediately expelled from the theatre. The prisoner swore he did not care for the police, or any one else, when one of the officers, who are always handy, took him to the watch-house. He was fined.

Tuesday, Dec. 6.—Dennis, who was discharged a few mornings ago from the Mayor's office, upon a promise that he would "go straight across Schuylkill bridge without taking his finger from his nose," was brought up again this morning, having been found lying in the snow, about four o'clock, far in his "cups." When reminded by the mayor of his voluntary promise to leave the city forever, when he was discharged a few days ago, he remarked, "an' sure an' I did go to the bridge straight, and I had no money in my name, and the tollman passed me over sure when I ... your honor seldom, an' I have been wrongisting there ever since, an' I don't know how I came 'happy' yesterday, but I did get so, and some unaccountable inquisition made me come until the city, and I did not get out again, but if your honor will grant me leave this time to go, I'll get down on my two knees and swear not to come here again in one long universal year, and God bless you."

Suiting the action to the word, down he went on his knees, and commenced taking the oath, but was stopped by an order from the mayor for his committal to prison for thirty days as a vagrant.

Stabbing.—A woman was this morning brought before the mayor, charged with having stabbed another in the left side, inflicting a very deep and dangerous wound. She did not pretend to deny that she had not committed the crime; but for want of witnesses, she was sent to prison till a further hearing.

It appears from the imperfect statement of the case, that the prisoner had been married to a man for several years, but had some time since been divorced from him, and that subsequently he had committed matrimony with another woman, with whom he was now living, in a house in Tenth-street, somewhere below Walnut, where the prisoner went yesterday forenoon, and found the last wife in bed, unable to hold her head above the pillow; and having provided herself previously with a dagger, (prisoner says it was only a pen knife,) and finding her victim thus helpless, she inflicted a blow with the weapon upon her left side near the heart. Her life is considered in danger.

More Stabbing.—While the Mayor was engaged hearing the above case, an elderly man a blacksmith, in Penn street, came into the office and requested a warrant for the apprehension of a man who had stabbed him in the back.

An officer was sent with a warrant to arrest B. but he was not to be found. Another hearing was to be had on Wednesday, when it was expected B. would be present.

The watchman in whose ward is located a house, well known among dissolute characters as the "*Black Lodge*," not unfrequently finds plenty of very troublesome customers. Last night about eleven o'clock as he was passing the house, he heard a crash and a splash, followed by significant chuckle and a suppressed laugh, which he well knew, by sad experiance, betokened mischief on foot—Drawing nearer to ascertain the cause, he saw a black woman essaying to come out of a celler, into the door of which a hogshead of water had been upset by some three or four Tom and Jerry's, who had just emerged from the lodge. The woman's small celler was literally inundated with water—her chairs, stools, benches, and other furniture, floated about, and the terror stricken inmate was obliged to seek refuge from drowning in the street. The water having extinguished her fire, she was nearly terrified to death at the calamity. The watchman made a grab at the authors of this mischief, but succeeded in capturing one only. He was brought before the Mayor this morning, and suitably punished.

Messrs Albright and Wallace, constables of the Northern Liberties, were returning from the Arch-street prison, whither they had been to convey a culprit, about nine o'clock last evening. When in the neighbourhood of Arch and Ninth streets, they saw two individuals very busily engaged in trying the doors and windows of the houses along Arch-street, peeping through the keyholes, entering the alleys, &c. The constables watched them for some time, and being convinced their intentions were dishonest, at length accosted them, demanding their names and business. One replied with much mock gravity, that he was "a watchman," then in the exercise of his profession, a guardian of the night. Mr. Albright ventured to doubt the truth of this intelligence, as watchy's appearance was decidedly shabby, and not evincing so respectable a calling. Upon this the fellow seized Mr. Albright by the collar, and threatened to take him and his friend Wallace to the watchhouse, for a breach of the peace. Mr. A. shook the fellow off, and in so doing caught a glimpse of his face, which he immediately recognized to belong to one John Westphall, Esq. for many years a regular bred Northern Libertywharf-rat, and street pauper! He and his companion, who answered to the name of George Dick, were immediately made prisoners. In their possession were found a newly-washed linen shirt, and a cravat.

When examined by the Mayor this morning, Westphall made a speech to his Honour, in which he declared his innocence of the charge so far as related to stealing the shirt. It was against his principles to steal—his principal offence was drinking. He did drink, he said, because he liked liquor—it was nourishing, and so long as he behaved decently, he did not know that it was any body's business how much he drank. He said, he bought the shirt of a black fellow for twelve and a half cents, and found the boiler in the street. Mr. Dick acted the part of a mute, from first to last, no doubt considering that in those cases, the least that is said, is the soonest mended. The Mayor committed both for larceny.

Saturday Morning, December 10, 1831.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

There may be those amongst our readers, who suppose our materials may fail us in interest or quantity. They may imagine our larder will be soon exhausted, and that we may have to give the same replies to our customers which an innkeeper once did. "Friend, have you a couple of fowls which you can put down for dinner?" "No, but we have almost every thing else." "Have you a rabbit which may be spitted in half an hour?" "No—what a pity! we had that yesterday." "Have you any eggs and bacon?" "Unfortunately the hens are not laying—and our bacon is in the smoke-house." "Pshaw!—have you any cold meat?" "The last sandwich was served up an hour ago—but we have almost every thing else you can ask for."

Before the conclusion of this article we hope to show every reader, that in this situation, we can never be placed. A much more formidable difficulty we have to encounter in the secret but disparaging parallel which is ungenerously run between every thing originating here, and what is of European origin. What though our Country is mixed in its population—has hardly yet acquired stamina and consistency even in its serious character, much less in its games and amusements, which are the last habits acquired by a new people subsistence shaping its first:—yet has it in reality within its society, from the impress of emigration, the elements of all the *divertisements* of the whole of Europe, together with its native characteristics in this particular besides.

Have we not under our immediate inspection, and that before the activity of his ancient character has quite evaporated, the independent, sturdy Sovereign of the Soil? At least, we have the *relicts* of the Aborigines. The dreaded power, the fierce dignity of the Iroquois, are certainly extinct; but the Cherokee, the last of the Indians, yet stands forth proudly erect. Indian Life is not yet extinct. The West abounds with Life strange to the European, almost unknown to the spray and sea-sprinkled American Citizen of the Atlantic margin, and as replete with the freshest "form and pressure" of humanity. Messieurs De Paw and Buffon, having been answered and refuted in their injurious allegations respecting the physiology of the Western Hemisphere, by Jefferson and Mitchell, the Old World is now *in haste* to do us justice, and their curiosity respecting Life, pure and unadulterated, in its simplest forms and in its wildest combinations, in our Forests and upon our Waters, can scarcely be sated. The great Lakes, the stupendous ridges of back-bone Mountains, now abound in social energies. Civilization has penetrated the solitude of the Desert, and if we had no other employment, we should have our hands full in watching and giving an account of its encroachments on rustic manners, and showing the exact point where the refinements of society meet and overthrow the austerities and rudenesses of the Desert—to point out where the wilderness is thickening with population—the temples of Religion are supplanting the orgies of the savage, and the splendid mansion has succeeded to the wigwam.

Have we not a little nation always afloat upon the water, poising the harpoon—driving a brisk trafic with the Malay and the Chinese, and exploring the very "*ends of the earth*" for a market? *Their* exploits, Life on the *Ocean* alone, would every week almost fill our sheet.

And have we not in reserve *Fish* stories, *Wild Cat* and *Panther*, and *Bear* stories,—enough in all conscience to set every third person's mouth awry, and contract the muscles of his face, besides making him hold both his sides? And for variety, have we not the Sea-serpent with a bundle of affidavits on his back as numerous as his bunches, every now and then, appearing on purpose to give variety and freshness to our publication?

Then again, how many Sportsmen, with immense bags by their sides, in short jackets and carrying "Manton's best and last," do we not meet every time we go over by the Brooklyn or any other ferry? And how many regular works can we not now quote for *Duck* shooting, *Partridge* shooting, *Quail* shooting, *Turkey* shooting, *Woodcock* shooting, and *Snipe* shooting? besides the exploits of *Woodchuck* killers—Anglers of all descriptions—*Deer* hunters, *Fox* hunters, *Rabbit* hunters, and as aforesaid, hunters of those savage Wild Cats, Bears, Wolves, and Panthers? And have we not the promise of assistance from a number of the most talented and popular writers now before the public? Not to bring up our grand *corps de reserve*—Horse Racing, *cum multis aliis*.

We put it fairly to our readers, need we after this go back to the Olympic Games of the Greeks, the Athletae, the Charioteers, &c.? or to the Gladiatorial Shows and Lion Fights of the Romans, and the amusements of the Coliseum?—Need we, after this enumeration, have recourse for novelty in our pages to the Djeer exercises of the Turkish Cavalry—to the Bull Fights in honor of *nossa Senhora* of the Spaniards and Portuguese—to the Carnivals, Horse-Racing, and Regattas of the Venetians—to the Sledge travelling exploits of the Russians, and that agreeable game of the *knout*—to the antagonistical Verse-making of the Laplander—to his Rein deer adventures upon eternal snows—to the *Improvisatore* literary banquets furnished by the Italian—to the magical performances of Paganini upon one string of a violin—to the vaunted pleasures of hunting the Bear, the Boar, the Stag, the Hare, the Fox, the Chamois or the Wolf, in company with hundreds of armed men, where there is no danger, and consequently no glory?

Is there necessity even to borrow from England the splendor and detail of her far famed Field Sports, in pursuit of ... Foxes, and half domesticated Hares, through a highly cultivated country, upon the backs of the finest horses ever bred?—and which exploits are sung by her Poets and illustrated by her Painters, and all the endless trice of Artists? Or to resort to her multifarious antique diversions from Robin Hood of Sherwood Forest, down to the publication of that renowned and classical biography Boxiana?

Have we not in this *very City* Life in all its modifications? Who that visits Wall street every day from 12 to half-past 3 o'clock, need ask a question about its multifarious forms and unending energies? If the reader should desire to read a lecture upon *faces*, let him go to the Post-office and watch for the opening of letters, at the hour of the mail delivery. "Plase sir, this is the wrong letter—this is it me, it's for 'tother *Teddy Malone*." You great ass, seal it up again, and give it me back." "Aye, and sure will I, but you must hand me the sixpenny bit, I was after giving you *first*." Observe that tall young man, with a noble countenance, but now, full of dismay, falling back, with his arm resting for support upon the bare wall, to which he has staggered. By this morning's Post, he is made a widower. He has long expected the stroke, but notwithstanding this preparation, his heart sickens now that it has come at last; all the blood has departed from his cheeks, and he is in thought with the lovely corse now inurned in a foreign land, whose eyes were closed, whose limbs were composed, and whose funeral rites were performed by mercenary strangers. Regard that twinkling gray eye, sparkling like the glow worm in a dark night, and the rigid muscles of that saturnine face, relaxing into a broad smile, or rather gloaming with delight—it is a merchant; he has received advices of a successful venture—to-morrow evening his house will be illuminated—a large party will be invited, and he will, in walking over his Turkey carpets with his face dressed in smiles, be inwardly ruminating how to get up another successful speculation. The field is boundless; we might bring other figures upon the canvass until we had filled our sheet.

But instead of presenting our readers with mere description for the end of amusing them, we would emulate a nobler design. Far be it from us to lose sight altogether of *National* objects; "*pro patria*," should be the maxim of every citizen. And as others have taken the department of intellectual repasts under their superintendence, it is our care especially to endeavor to place before the eye of the care-worn and sedentary citizen, *rural pleasures* in all their enticing freshness—to invite him to strengthen his body by periodical healthful exercise—to enable him to boast of the *mens sana in sano corpore*. So that we may be fellow-laborers and co-operators with the liberal-minded physician of the present day, and emulate for our country, the same firmness of nerve and sinew, which gave to the ancient Roman his superiority when combating with the savage, and which conferred upon "the awful fathers of mankind," a great part of their glory and all their power.

In this way, instead of reducing our sheet to the rank of a mere contributor to the momentary appetite of a literary *gourmand*, we should be assisting in the great work of building up a sound physical frame for the Republic; and through the vehicles of games, diversions, and amusements, allure the nervous, the learned, the palsied artizan, and the pale manufacturer, to the practice of those manly exercises which confer the luxury of health upon the individual; and place at the disposal of the nation in the hour of danger, a hardy population and therein, a safe palladium of its rights.

LIFE IN NEW-YORK, and in the WORLD.

What is it? Not simply the living and moving principle in man, that enables him to go and come—to stand or sit, or walk—to eat or drink at pleasure; but the fashion or folly, the correctness or eccentricity of conduct, the frolic or fun, the pleasure or the pain, the wealth or the poverty, the joyousness or sorrow, the happiness or misery of individuals, exhibited in all their innumerable varieties to the world.

In perfecting the portraiture of life, every lineament of the human character is laid open to observation; every passion or propensity exposed to view, every attribute of taste and fancy disclosed, and every feeling overtly proclaimed. The Miser hugs his heaps of gold, and feeds his eyes of avarice on the burning pile of wealth, or gloats in pride at the contemplation of his vast possessions; the Broker feasts his feelings and rubs his hands in ecstacy at his shavings of good paper at three or four per cent. per month; the Fundholder rejoices in the rise of stock, the Bank in the prompt payment of notes; the Merchant in his extensive sales and gains; the Lawyer in the number and profitableness of his clients; the Physician in the number, wealth, and confiding spirit of his patients; the Priest, in respectable, implicitly believing and attentive flocks, and good fat livings; the Man of Letters, in his books, his lectures, his dogmas, and his fame; the Poet in his verse; the Lover in his mistress's cherry lip or smiling eye; the Sportsman in his guns, dogs and horses, his pleasures of the chase or turf, the rattling of the dice or shuffle of the cards; the Dandy in his dress, cut of his hair, shining of his boots, smallness of his cane, or the stiffness of his collar; the Bit of Blood, in his ponies, and his carriages, his equipage and show; the little Belle, in neat ancles, clad in silk, large bonnet and cloak, glossy curls, slender waist, white hands, rosy cheeks, and plenty of plum-cake, love stories and beaux: the good House wife in the neatness, order and economy of her domestic concerns, and the cleanliness and glossiness of her furniture; the fashionable Matron in her daughters, drawing-rooms, sofas, carpets, and candelbria; the Mechanic in his jobs and the gigantic buildings that he rears; the Farmer in his crops and stock, his fields and houses, his bonds and notes and interest table; the Smoker, in his cigar or pipe; the Tailor in the fit of a coat, promptly paid for; the Toper in a dram; the Seamen in a tight ship and a full can of grog; the Boxer in a good position, nervous arms, fair hits and hostile claret tapped; the Judge in correct special pleadings, pertinent citations of authorities and sound decisions; the Bailiff in plenty of human game; the Sheriff in the multiplicity of writs or executions; the Politician in popularity and party success; the Office-hunter in a good fat office; and more than all the Printer, the patron of every art and science, *in plenty of patronage and pay in advance.*

These are a few of the innumerable varieties of life. It is like the chameleon of ever-changing color, or a Proteus of ever-varying shape. From the king to the beggar, from the scene of almost angelic excellence, to the poor prisoner in his dungeon, it is still nothing more than human life, elevated or depraved, joyous or sad, prosperous or adverse. While we will not Quixote for wild adventures, terrible to virtue, or at war with decency, we will nevertheless hunt after subjects pleasing to our friends, and grateful to a majority of the world.

FRONTISPIECE.

The head of this paper, engraved by Childs, presents an extended picture of business and of life; surmounted by the American Eagle, perched on the staff of our nation's noble banner. In one view is seen New-York with its houses, its temples and its spires, rising toward heaven; the City Hall, where justice holds her balance, and equity proclaims her award; the Park Theatre, with hoary walls and lofty dome; the American Theatre, Bowery, with its eagle ensign, forming a noble frontispiece; and Tattersal's in Broadway, where the lovers of good horses and fine carriages congregate to look and to purchase. In addition, you are presented with the noble harbor, studded with craft and sails, and the steamboat urging its way through the opposing waters, laving her prow in the briny wave and the smoke from her internal fires floating in the air; in the street you see the Omnibus rolling along with rapidity, replete with smiling passengers; the Fire Engine drawn by a corps of almost salamandrian heroes; a cart with a barrel of good *aqua vita*; a stand, where fresh shell-fish are sold to tickle the palates of epicurean taste; a table where good liquors are vended, with jugs to hold, and glasses to distribute the spirit-stirring nectar; the Genius of Temperance with cue, and coat, and cane, moving to put down the existing abominations, while a sly urchin, in the mean time picks his pockets; a lady upset by a swine, who bears her off on his back, while a gentleman beau promenading with his dear, holds up her pretty head, and saves her bonnet from the threatened wreck. Again, you behold the gentlemen sweeps, with their implements of trade; a beggar, with hat in hand, soliciting the passers by for alms; and the police officers with a poor culprit in custody, bearing his reluctant body to the bar of a Court, and the purlieus of a prison. Then, again, you witness rural sports in lively exercise. The horse well matched, urging his way by aid of whip, around the course, while the judges gaze from the stand, and the spectators from the ring around, with anxious eyes; the huntsman, with hound, and horn, and horse, chasing the timorous hare, who is shot by a veteran marksman behind a tree; the gun and game bag standing against an oak, while the crouching puppy is looking askance at a squirrel hopping over the underwood; the fishing tackling of the fisherman at the other extreme, with his string of fish suspended from a tree, while in the distance, is seen a noble pair of pugilists, peeled, in the ring, and dealing out sturdy blows in fight, while the claret flows, bets are taking, and thousands admiring the skill and science displayed. Such is an imperfect outline of the frontispiece, or frontal head of our paper, which we have taken some pains, and incurred some expense to get up, and which we hope will please. Our reward must be in the patronizing favor of our friends.

☞ *Subscriptions for this paper will be received at the following places, viz:*—Bourne's, Peabody & Co's., Tattersals', Sylvester's, and Waite's, in Broadway, and Clark & Brown's Maiden-Lane. Also at 53 Fulton-street.

e in New-York.

...Pay.—Mrs. Royal is at
...on. We received the first
...ry yesterday from Wash-
...is the cream of her cargo:
Cour. & Enq.

...merit of whatsoever coun-
...We shall advocate the lib-
...liberty of speech, and the
...The enemies of these bul-
...safety, as they have shown
...mercy at our hands; and
...the anti-masons, the cotem-
...gents, we shall meet them
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...sters who cannot read, con-
...worth—never too late to learn.
...ers who take bribes fear and
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...entlemen's rooms, beware;—
...d Old Bachelors marry as
...look out good folks!"

Hagerstown, (Md.) Dec. 2.
"—We said in the last Mail,
...Woman,' and more Masonry
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...have witnessed such a scene
...rt House in Hagerstown.—
...g man was put upon trial on
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...as seen in the court house,
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...something was said about her
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...; but with tears in her eyes,
...rather stay. She remained,
...nsel gave her a hint that she
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...tell her the result of 'Not
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...ment after the door flew open
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...ght to our memory the beautiful
...on this bosom, my own strick-
...as "Lovely Woman," saying
...owerful than words—
...sk not if guilt's in thy heart,
...I love thee, whatever thou art."
...ely Woman" enough before,
...ed her to us in a new aspect—
...le tales on such subjects, but
...y, all pure nature's perish the
...minate woman.—The Mail.

Nimrod Wildfire.—I was
...ssissippi in my wagon, when I
...floatin' down stream settin'
...sat fast asleep? Well I had'nt
...ays—fell as though I should
...up in a salt barrel to keep—
...head and shoulders. So says
...! if you don't take keer your
...with you!" So he looked at
...d I looked down on him slan-
...out a chaw o' tobacco, and
...dee you tarnation to that!
...mint flapped his wings and
...I fix up, and shook my mane,
...and neigh'd like a horse. He
...head-foremost ashore. I stopt
...my triggers. 'Mister,' says
...y weight in wild-cats and ride
...crab apple orchard on a flash
...ar meat-ax disposition—the best
...ah I may be tetotaciously ex-

...erents join issue, and the Colo-
...ty hard colt, but no part of a
...fuller as me. I put it to him
...ten minutes he yelled enough!
...ripstaver! Says I, Am I the
...he Forest! and I'm all brim-
..., and that is aquafortis!" Says
...re a beauty! oh, if I only
...e, I'd vote for you next election.
...is Nimrod Wildfire—half horse,
...a touch of the airthquake—
...tiest sister, fastest horse, and
...District, and can outrun, out-
...ckdown, drag out, and whip
...ainuck."

...James West, by Chantry, has
...Major Gibbon, of Richmond,
...nsylvania Hospital "It has
...building where the work of the
...ed artist and benefactor of the
...ited, with the following inscrip-
...N WEST. Born in Penn-
...1738. Died in London, A. D.
...by James Gibbon, of Rich-
...A. D. 1831."

...—It is suggested in the
...thousands of our citizens
...y contribute to this object, in the
...m $1 to $10, would only inter-
...the scheme, and give in their
...reenough's exhibition room, or
...y of our public journals, success
...We like the suggestion, and
...ly assist in receiving the names
...d to aid in carrying into effect a
...s, to our city's shame, been but
...d.—N. Y. Gazette.

...ans Bee, says—The laborers en-
...gain for the excavation of the
...Saturday last, and made a most
...d in our city. They had barely
...in port, when, we are informed,
...the captain and crew of the ves
...ed them here. The seamen now
...rt, it would seem, in the concern,
...laborers received ample evidence
...of retaliation. Cracked crowns
...es were the portion of more than
...ght.

...Journal of Saturday says, "A nov-
...exhibited last week. A flock of
...a distance of thirty or forty miles,
...er, marched in close platoons into
...The winged pedestrians met with
...tion."

...o since, the captain of a wood
...quietly at anchor in the East ri-
...Manhattan market, and, on the
...was his astonishment to perceive
...nd disappeared, and no traces of
...ined for two or three days, when
...red embedded in the mud, near the
...e thieves having hove up the an-
...at Brooklyn, the cable was also
...junk shop in the upper part of the

...ence Journal mentions a gang of
...lawless young men who infest ...
...ing, and disturb the streets by ...
...people. They lately knocked
...and severely wounded the head
...colored man who had been sent
...a very ... citizen. They
...coats, ... drab felt hats,
...the 'Hell fire Club.'

...of the Albany Literary Gazette
...offered a premium of $100 for the
...for the best Original
...submitted to them at Albany pre-
...of December. In consequence of
...they have extended the time
...pieces which may be offered
...January next.

...miles from Towanda in Bradford
...Charles Brown, about a fortnight
...cat, measuring three feet eight
...to the end of the tail, one foot four in
...foot ten round the thickest part of
...e Panther she was said to have been
...in the same vicinity.

...bills for $3 on the Western Reserve
...are in circulation. The paper on
...printed is more spongy than that
...bills.

Man-monkey.—M. Gouffee, arrived at Boston a few days since, from London, is to appear at the Federal street theatre. The Boston Transcript say she has acquired the appellation of Man-monkey from his remarkable imitation of the manners of the animal he represents. They are described as so natural that the spectator loses all idea of the *man* in his admiration of the *ape*. A late English paper says that his muscular power and activity are incredible.

Paganini, the great violin player, is represented as one of the most mercenary men in Europe, although immensely rich. A late number of the London Harmonicon says:—Spagnoletti who led the band at the concerts given by Paganini, has been obliged to have recourse to legal measures to obtain what was due to him for his services! Such a fact, the profits of those performances being considered, is almost incredible; nevertheless it is indisputably true.

Mr. Finn is playing in Boston. At his benefit, on a late occasion, the receipts of the house were nearly $1,000. A Mr. Fletcher, from Drury Lane is exhibiting at the Tremont Theatre, "his celebrated Venetian Statues, or living models of antiquity." Mons. Gouffe, recently from Europe, appeared on Monday last, in the *Dutch Sarsyard*. His performance of the *Monkey* in *Le Perouse*, is said to be a very close approximation to nature.

A full length portrait of the tragedian, Forrest, has been issued from Pendleton's lithographic press at Boston. He is represented as *Spartacus*, the gladiator, exclaiming—"Let them come in—we are armed. The likeness is pronounced faithful; in which point, we think it differs from the other published portraits of the same subject.

"Lions of the day."—In a drama in rehearsal at the Drury-Lane Theatre, London, lions are to take a part. The piece is said to possess very high merit as a composition. The whole, it is added, is admirably devised, and nothing is more astonishing in this entertainment, than the manner in which the agency of the lions is kept subordinate and auxiliary, merely, to the interest of an ably constructed plot.

The person who trains these beasts is a Monsieur Martin, of Paris. The scenes in which he is to appear are classical. His first situation is as Androcles, then as Laocoon, where he strangles two serpents: then there is a view of the Lion's Den, and a struggle between Monsieur M. and the lion. The scenery suited to these representations is one of the triumphs of mechanical art.—The subordinate actors in the piece—the lions and tigers—are actually in cages all the while, yet to the spectators they appear to be at large.

NEW-YORK.

Police.—The Police Court forms an interesting feature of the moral physiognomy of this city. By its operations and under the exertion of its influence, the peace and order of society is preserved, the laws enforced, persons and property protected, and the rights and safety of individuals guaranteed; while the guilty arrested in their march of crime are brought to condign punishment.

The Police Justices who administer this branch of the laws are gentlemen of ripe intelligence, sound judgment, sterling integrity, urbane manners; and possesses an intimate acquaintance with the wayward propensities, that characterize the erring nature of man. The Police marshals too execute with so much zeal the mandates of the court, are generally men, in whom the public repose the most confidence, well versed in their business, and vigilant and active in the detection and apprehension of offenders. As this court is so important in the current history of "Life in New York," much attention will be hereafter bestowed upon its proceedings.

During the past week, the usual variety of larcenies great and petty, the usual number of rows and riots, the usual number of evidences of matrimonial felicity have been exhibited: and stolen goods, such as cloaks, coats, hats, vests, shoes, linen, spoons, &c. &c. have accumulated about in the accustomed proportion in the office. The wonted number of culprits have found lodgings in prison, and many more are now candidates for the same enviable honors.

Wednesday, Nov. 30.

Adams and Jackson.—Two black fellows were brought to the Police Office on Wednesday evening, named Joseph Adams and Abm. Jackson, charged with stealing a hog's *head*,—(not the "whole hog) and a mackerel. They have been pilfering a long time from grocery stores. They were committed in full for the theft, and also for an assault on the complainant.

A young lady appeared to complain of the conduct of a young man, who, on the evening of the 23d accosted her, and carried his impertinence so far, as to oblige her, at the corner of Varick and Canal streets, to cry out for assistance,—when fortunately, a gentleman who resides in the neighbourhood came to her assistance. In the scuffle which ensued between Mr. A. and the assailant, the latter made his escape, leaving his cloak and umbrella in the hands of the rescuer of the lady.

Thursday, Dec. 1.

The hardware store, No. 331, Bowery, was entered last night by means of false keys, and robbed of the change in the drawer, and about 12 dozen fine penknives. A man and a boy about 14 years old, were seen coming out of the store, who no doubt committed the robbery.

Several houses were robbed last night of cloaks and coats.

Four black men were arrested and committed yesterday and this day, charged with stealing goods from store doors.

PHILADELPHIA.

Wednesday, Nov. 30.—*A Merry Chap.*—One of the prisoners afforded considerable amusement in the office this morning. The watch found him in the street, without a hat or a home, and provided him with both for the night. The Mayor recognized him as having been repeatedly brought up before. His name was Hagerty.

Mayor.—What was the matter with you last night, Hagerty?

Prisoner.—Why, I intended to go till Newcastle, till work just; and had put my baggage on board a packet, and it sailed without me; but I was going by land to day.

Mayor.—You have been in every Court for the last two years, and are now bidding fair for taking a part in the next which you know will shortly be in session.

Prisoner.—No, your honor, I've had enough of courting now, 'twill do me for a while, and I'll go right out of the city, if you'll let me, and never come back.

Mayor.—Are you sure you will leave the city immediately?

Prisoner.—Och! by my faith I will. God bless you, an' if your honor pleases, I'll not take my finger off my nose till I get across the Schuylkill stream, just.

Mayor.—You can go then.

And making one of his "best," he started for the bridge.

Friday, Dec. 2.—*An Impudent Robber.*—Look to your front doors!—Hats, coats, and cloaks are coming into great demand among the light fingered tight-footed, booty-loving gentry; and ten to one if the door is not be not set, that while you are discussing the viands and sipping bohea at the table, your wrapper, which you left in the hall, is "covering a multitude of sins," on its way to the pawnbroker's, to undergo a metamorphosis. Among the many instances of articles having disappeared in an unaccountable manner, from the interior of various houses which were considered particularly safe and private, is one in Eighth below Chesnut, from which several articles have vanished in rather a singular manner. A young gentleman, a boarder, who resides in the house and who performs on the flute, had purchased an elegant six-keyed black ebony flute, in the month of October, and was in the habit of blowing a few tunes upon the instrument almost every evening after tea; and about a week ago he had as usual taken up the instrument, amused himself, and laying it on the sideboard, stepped into another room. He was absent about five minutes; on his return the flute was gone. It is a singular instrument; has six joints, is lined with composition, ivory ferrules, and screw cap, with a silver band half inch wide, with the owner's name, P. Smith engraved upon it, at the first joint of the upper section, in consequence of a crack in the wood; the keys are silver. The loser at first supposed it had been hidden by a young lady in the house for mischief, but she denied the charge, and the truth dawned upon him in an instant that it had been stolen, during the short period he was out of the room; and he recollected having heard the door shut as he entered. Upon examination, a valuable white merino shawl, with a small flower in the border, changeable on alternate edges, was also missed. The absent articles doubtless went in company. There was a dead latch on the door, but it had not been unstopped and let down, so that persons could enter and leave the hall without trouble or noise.

Just after dark last evening the lady of another house, who was reading in the parlor adjoining the hall, heard some one, as she supposed, enter the front door, with the intention of passing through, she stepped to the door which communicates with the hall, and jerked it quickly open, when a man who was in the hall sprang back, with the intention of reaching the outside of the door, and escaping, but unfortunately—or fortunately—struck the inside, which slammed the door to, and fastened him in. The rogue, with the utmost sang froid, asked, "does Mr. Jones live here?" "No," was the quick reply of the lady; and observing a cloak on his arm, which she recognized as being her husband's, she remarked, "you had better lay that cloak down," at the same time calling a man's name, as though there was another person in the house. The fellow dropped the cloak, pulled open the door, and was out of sight in an instant. He had not left the step three minutes when the "men folks" arrived. The intruder was a small white man, with light pants, dark coat, and large whiskers. He will enter there once too often yet.

Saturday, Dec. 3.—A young fellow who called himself Claypole, was taken from the Arch street Theatre on Saturday night for riotous and disorderly conduct. The door-keeper stated that he had passed in and out of the house several times before the commencement of the performance; that by the time the curtain had risen, he had got very "tipsy" at a neighboring tavern, and attempted to pass into the theatre without giving his check, although he had one when he went out. The doorkeeper told the prisoner that he had best go home or he would get into difficulty, for the police regulations were such as that any one who was intoxicated and disposed to break the peace, or disturb the audience, was immediately expelled from the theatre. The prisoner swore he did not care for the police, or any one else, when one of the officers, who are always handy, took him to the watch-house. He was fined.

Tuesday, Dec. 6.—Dennis, who was discharged a few mornings ago from the Mayor's office, upon a promise that he would "go straight across Schuylkill Bridge without taking his finger from his nose," was brought up again this morning, having been found lying in the snow, about four o'clock, far in his "cups." When reminded by the mayor of his voluntary promise to leave the city forever, when he was discharged a few days ago, he remarked, "an' sure an' I did go to the bridge straight, and I had no money in my name, and the toll-man passed me over sure when I mentioned your honor's name, an' I have been wrongtaking their every since, an' I don't know how I came 'happy' yesterday, but I did get so, and some unaccountable impulsation made me come intil' the city, and I did not get out again, but if your honor will grant me lave this time to go, I'll get down on my two knees and swear not to come here agin in one long universal year, and God bless you."

Suiting the "action to the word," down he went on his knees, and commenced taking the oath, but was stopped by an order from the mayor for his committal to prison for thirty days as a vagrant.

Stabbing.—A woman was this morning brought before the mayor, charged with having stabbed another in the left side, inflicting a very deep and dangerous wound. She did not pretend to deny that she had not committed the crime; but for want of witnesses, she was sent to prison till a further hearing.

It appears from the imperfect statement of the case, that the prisoner had been married to a man for several years, but had some time since been divorced from him, and that subsequently he had committed matrimony with another woman, with whom he was now living, in a house in Tenth-street, somewhere below Walnut, where the prisoner went yesterday forenoon, and found the last wife in bed, unable to hold her head above the pillow; and having provided herself previously with a dagger, (prisoner says it was only a pen knife,) and finding her victim thus helpless, she inflicted a blow with the weapon upon her left side near the heart. Her life is considered in danger.

More Stabbing.—While the Mayor was engaged hearing the above case, an elderly man a blacksmith, in Penn street, came into the office and requested a warrant for the apprehension of a man who had stabbed him in the back.

An officer was sent with a warrant to arrest B. but he was not to be found. Another hearing was to be had on Wednesday, when it was expected B. would be present.

The watchman in whose ward is located a house, well known among dissolute character as the "*Black Lodge*," not unfrequently finds plenty of very troublesome customers. Last night about eleven o'clock as he was passing the house, he heard a crash and a splash, followed by significant chuckle and a suppressed laugh, which he well knew, by sad experience, betokened mischief on foot—Drawing nearer to ascertain the cause, he saw a black woman essaying to come out of a cellar, into the door of which a hogshead of water had been upset by some three or four Tom and Jerry's, who had just emerged from the lodge. The woman's small cellar was literally inundated with water—her chairs, stools, benches, and other furniture, floated about, and the terror stricken inmate was obliged to seek refuge from drowning in the street. The water having extinguished her fire, she was nearly terrified to death at the calamity. The watchman made a grab at the authors of this mischief, but succeeded in capturing one only. He was brought before the Mayor this morning, and suitably punished.

Messrs. Albright and Wallace, constables of the Northern Liberties, were returning from the Arch-street prison, whither they had been to convey a culprit, about nine o'clock last evening. When in the neighbourhood of Arch and Ninth streets they saw two individuals very busily engaged in trying the doors and windows of the houses along Arch-street, peeping through the key-holes, entering the alleys, &c. The constables watched them for some time, and being convinced their intentions were dishonest, at length accosted them, demanding their names and business. One replied with much mock gravity, that he was "a watchman;" then in the exercise of his profession a guardian of the night. Mr. Albright ventured to doubt the truth of this intelligence, as wathy's appearance was decidedly shabby, and not coming so respectable a calling. Upon this the fellow seized Mr. Albright by the collar, and threatened to take him and his friend Wallace to the watchhouse, for a breach of the peace. Mr. A. shook the fellow off, and in so doing caught a glimpse of his face, which he immediately recognized to belong to one John Westphall, Esq. for many years a regular bred Northern Libertywant—at, and street pauper! He and his companion, who answered to the name of George Dekwere immediately made prisoners. In their possession were found a newly-washed linen shirt, and a tin boiler.

When examined by the Mayor this morning, Westphall made a speech to his Honour, in which he declares his innocence of the charge so far as related to stealing the shirt. It was against his principles to steal—his principal offence was drinking. He did drink, he said, because he liked liquor—it was nourishing, and so long as he behaved decently, he did not know that it was any body's business how much he drank. He said, he bought the shirt of a black fellow for twelve and a half cents, and found the boiler in the street. Mr. Dick acted the part of a mute, from first to last, no doubt considering that in those cases, the least that is said, is the soonest mended. The Mayor committed both for larceny.

Spirit of the Times and Life in New-York.

Saturday Mornin , December 10, 1831.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

There may be those amongst our readers, who suppose our materials may fail us in interest or quantity. They may imagine our larder will be soon exhausted, and that we may have to give the same replies to our customers which an Innkeeper once did. "Friend, have you a couple of fowls which you can put down for dinner?" "No, but we have almost every thing else." "Have you a rabbit which may be spitted in half an hour?" "No—what a pity! we had that yesterday." "Have you any eggs and bacon?" "Unfortunately the hens are not laying—and our bacon is in the smoke-house." "Pshaw!—have you any cold meat?" "The last sandwich was served up an hour ago—but we have almost every thing else you can ask for."

Before the conclusion of this article we hope to show every reader, that in this situation, we can never be placed. A much more formidable difficulty we have to encounter in the secret but disparaging parallel which is ungenerously run between every thing originating here, and what is of European origin. What though our Country is mixed in its population—has mainly yet acquired stamina and consistency even in its serious character, much less in its games and amusements, which are the last habits acquired by a new people subsistence shaping its first—yet has it in reality within its society, from the impress of emigration, the elements of all the *divertisements* of the whole of Europe, together with its native characteristics in this particular besides.

Have we not under our immediate inspection, and that before the novelty of his ancient character has quite evaporated, the independent, sturdy Sovereign of the Soil? At least, we have the *relicts* of the Aborigines. The dreaded power, the fierce dignity of the Iroquois, are certainly extinct; but the Cherokee, the last of the Indians, yet stands forth proudly erect. Indian Life is not yet extinct. The West abounds with Life strange to the European almost unknown to the spray and sea-sprinkled American Citizen of the Atlantic margin, and is replete with the freshest "form and pressure" of humanity. Messieurs De Paw and Buffon, having been answered and refuted in their injurious allegations respecting the physiology of the Western Hemisphere, by Jefferson and Mitchell, the Old World is now in *haste* to do us justice, and their curiosity respecting Life, pure and unadulterated, in its simplest forms and in its wildest combinations, in our Forests and upon our Waters, can scarcely be sated. The great Lakes, the stupendous ridges of back-bone Mountains, now abound in social energies; Civilization has penetrated the solitude of the Desert, and if we had no other employment, we should have our hands full in watching and giving an account of its encroachments on rustic manners, and showing the exact point where the refinements of society meet and overthrow the austerities and rudenesses of the Desert—to point out where the wilderness is thickening with population—the temples of Religion are supplanting the orgies of the savage, and the splendid mansion has succeeded to the wigwam.

Have we not a little nation always afloat upon the water, poising the harpoon—driving a brisk traffic with the Malay and the Chinese, and exploring the very "*ends of the earth*" for a market? *Their* exploits, Life on the *Ocean* alone, would every week almost fill our sheet.

And have we not in reserve *Fish* stories, *Wild Cat* and *Panther*, and *Bear* stories,—enough in all conscience to set every third person's mouth awry, and contract the muscles of his face, besides making him hold both his sides! And for variety, have we not the Sea-serpent with a bundle of affidavits on his back as numerous as his bunches, every now and then, appearing *on purpose* to give variety and freshness to our publication?

Then again, how many Sportsmen, with immense bags by their sides, in short jackets and carrying "Manton's best and last," do we not meet every time we go over by the Brooklyn or any other ferry? And how many regular works can we not now quote for *Duck* shooting, *Partridge* shooting, *Quail* shooting, *Turkey* shooting, *Woodcock* shooting, and *Snipe* shooting! besides the exploits of *Woodchuck* killers—Anglers of all descriptions—*Deer* hunters, *Fox* hunters, *Rabbit* hunters, and as aforesaid hunters of those savage Wild Cats, Bears, Wolves, and Panthers! And have we not the promise of assistance from a number of the most talented and popular writers now before the public! Not to bring up our grand *corps de reserve*—Horse Racing, "*cum multis aliis*."

We put it fairly to our readers, need we after this go back to the Olympic Games of the Greeks, the Athletæ, the Charioteers, &c.! or to the Gladiatorial Shows and Lion Fights of the Romans, and the amusements of the Coliseum!—Need we, after this enumeration, have recourse for novelty in our pages to the Djerid exercises of the Turkish Cavalry—to the Bull Fights in honor of *nossa Senhora* of the Spaniards and Portuguese—to the Carnivals, Horse Racing, and Regattas of the Venetians—to the Sledge travelling exploits of the Russians, and their agreeable game of the *knout*—to the antagonistical Verse-making of the Laplander—to his Rein deer adventures upon eternal snows—to the *Improvisatore* literary banquets furnished by the Italian—to the magical performances of Paganini upon one string of a violin—to the vaunted pleasures of hunting the Bear, the Boar, the Stag, the Hare, the Fox, the Chamois or the Wolf, in company with hundreds of armed men, where there is no danger, and consequently no glory!

Is there necessity even to borrow from England the splendor and detail of her far famed Field Sports, in pursuit of *bagged* Foxes, and half domesticated Hares, through a highly cultivated country, upon the backs of the finest horses ever bred!—and which exploits are sung by her Poets and illustrated by her Painters, and all the endless tribe of Artists! Or to resort to her multifarious antique diversions from Robin Hood of Sherwood Forest, down to the publication of that renowned and classical biography Boxiana!

Have we not in *every City Life* in all its modifications! Who that visits Wall street every day from 12 to half-past 3 o'clock, need ask a question about its multifarious forms and bustling energies? If the reader should desire to read a lecture upon *faces*, let him go to the Post-office and watch for the opening of letters, at the hour of the mail delivery. "Plase sir, this is the wrong letter—this is not *me*, it's for 'tother *Teddy Malone*." You great ass, seal it up again, and give it me back. "Aye, and sure will I, but you must hand me the sixpenny bit, I was after giving *you first*." Observe that tall young man, with a noble countenance, but now, full of dismay, falling back, with his arm resting for support upon the bare wall, to which he has staggered. By this morning's Post, he is made a widower. He has long expected the stroke, but notwithstanding this preparation, his heart sickens now that it has come at last; all the blood has departed from his cheeks, and he is in thought with the lovely corse now inurned in a foreign land, whose eyes were closed, whose limbs were composed, and whose funeral rites were performed by mercenary strangers. Regard that twinkling gray eye, sparkling like the glow-worm in a dark night, and the rigid muscles of that saturnine face, relaxing into a broad smile, or rather gloaming with delight—it is a merchant; he has received advices of a successful venture—to-morrow evening his house will be illuminated—a large party will be invited, and he will, in walking over his Turkey carpets with his face dressed in smiles, be inwardly ruminating how to get up another successful speculation. The field is boundless; we might bring other figures upon the canvass until we had filled our sheet.

But instead of presenting our readers with mere description for the end of amusing them, we would emulate a nobler design. Far be it from us to lose sight altogether of *National* objects; "*pro patria*," should be the maxim of every citizen. And as others have taken the department of intellectual repasts under their superintendence, it is our care especially to endeavor to place before the eye of the care-worn and sedentary citizen, *rural pleasures* in all their enticing freshness—to invite him to strengthen his body by periodical healthful exercise—to enable him to boast of the *mens sana in sano corpore*. So that we may be fellow laborers and co-operators with the liberal-minded physician of the present day, and emulate for our country, the same firmness of nerve and sinew, which gave to the ancient Roman his superiority when combating with the savage, and which conferred upon "the awful fathers of mankind," a great part of their glory and all their power.

In this way, instead of reducing our sheet to the rank of a mere contributor to the momentary appetite of a literary *gourmand*, we should be assisting in the great work of building up a sound physical frame for the Republic; and through the vehicles of games, diversions, and amusements, allure the nervous, the learned, the palsied artizan, and the pale manufacturer, to the practice of those manly exercises which confer the luxury of health upon the individual; and place at the disposal of the nation in the hour of danger, a hardy population and therein, a safe palladium of its rights.

LIFE IN NEW-YORK, AND IN THE WORLD.

What is it? Not simply the living and moving principle in man, that enables him to go and come—to stand or sit, or walk—to eat or drink at pleasure; but the fashion or folly, the correctness or eccentricity of conduct, the frolic or fun, the pleasure or the pain, the wealth or the poverty, the joyousness or sorrow, the happiness or misery of individuals, exhibited in all their innumerable varieties to the world.

In perfecting the portraiture of life, every lineament of the human character is laid open to observation; every passion or propensity exposed to view, every attribute of taste and fancy disclosed, and every feeling overtly proclaimed. The Miser hugs his heaps of gold, and feeds his eyes of avarice on the burning pile of wealth, or gloats in pride at the contemplation of his vast possessions: the Broker feasts his feelings and rubs his hands in ecstacy at his shavings of good paper at three or four per cent. per month; the Fundholder rejoices in the rise of stock, the Bank in the prompt payment of notes; the Merchant in his extensive sales and gains; the Lawyer in the number and profitableness of his clients; the Physician in the number, wealth, and confiding spirit of his patients; the Priest, in respectable, implicitly believing and attentive flocks, and good fat livings; the Man of Letters, in his books, his lectures, his dogmas, and his fame; the Poet in his verse; the Lover in his mistress's cherry lip or smiling eye; the Sportsman in his guns, dogs and horses, his pleasures of the chase or turf, the rattling of the dice or shuffle of the cards; the Dandy in his dress, cut of his hair, shining of his boots, smallness of his cane, or the stiffness of his collar; the Bit of Blood, in his ponies, and his carriages, his equipage and show; the little Belle, in neat ancles, clad in silk, large bonnet and cloak, glossy curls, slender waist, white hands, rosy cheeks, and plenty of plum-cake, love stories and beaux; the good House-wife in the neatness, order and economy of her domestic concerns, and the cleanliness and glossiness of her furniture; the fashionable Matron in her daughters, drawing-rooms, sofas, carpets, and candelbria; the Mechanic in his jobs and the gigantic buildings that he rears; the Farmer in his crops and stock, his fields and houses, his bonds and notes and interest table; the Smoker, in his cigar or pipe; the Tailor in the fit of a coat, promptly paid for; the Toper in a dram; the Seamen in a tight ship and a full can of grog; the Boxer in a good position, nervous arms, fair hits and hostile claret tapped; the Judge in correct special pleadings, pertinent citations of authorities and sound decisions; the Bailiff in plenty of human game; the Sheriff in the multiplicity of writs or executions; the Politician in popularity and party success; the Office-hunter in a good fat office; and more than all the Printer, the patron of every art and science, *in plenty of patronage and pay in advance*.

These are a few of the innumerable varieties of life. It is like the chameleon of ever-changing color, or a Proteus of ever-varying shape. From the king to the beggar, from the acme of almost angelic excellence, to the poor prisoner in his dungeon, it is still nothing more than human life, elevated or depraved, joyous or sad, prosperous or adverse. While we will not Quixote for wild adventures, terrible to virtue, or at war with decency, we will nevertheless hunt after subjects pleasing to our friends, and grateful to a majority of the world.

FRONTISPIECE.

The head of this paper, engraved by Childs, presents an extended picture of business and of life; surmounted by the American Eagle, perched on the staff of our nation's noble banner. In one view is seen New-York with its houses, its temples and its spires, rising toward heaven; the City Hall, where justice holds her balance, and equity proclaims her award; the Park Theatre, with hoary walls and lofty dome: the American Theatre, Bowery, with its eagle ensign, forming a noble frontispiece; and Tattersal's in Broadway, where the lovers of good horses and fine carriages congregate to look and to purchase. In addition, you are presented with the noble harbor, studded with craft and sails, and the steamboat urging its way through the opposing waters, laving her prow in the briny wave, and the smoke from her internal fires floating in the air; in the street you see the Omnibus rolling along with rapidity, replete with smiling passengers; the Fire Engine drawn by a corps of almost salamandrian heroes; a cart with a barrel of good *aqua vitæ*; a stand, where fresh shell-fish are sold to tickle the palates of epicurean taste; a table where good liquors are vended, with jugs to hold, and glasses to distribute the spirit stirring nectar; the Genius of Temperance with cue, and coat, and cane, moving to put down the existing abominations, while a sly urchin, in the mean time picks his pockets; a lady upset by a swine, who bears her off on his back, while a gentleman beau promenading with his dear, holds up her pretty head, and saves her bonnet from the threatened wreck. Again, you behold the gentlemen sweeps, with their implements of trade; a beggar, with hat in hand, soliciting the passers-by for alms; and the police officers with a poor culprit in custody, bearing his reluctant body to the bar of a Court, and the purlieus of a prison. Then, again, you witness rural sports in lively exercise. The horse well matched, urging his way by aid of whip, around the course, while the judges gaze from the stand, and the spectators from the ring around, with anxious eyes; the huntsman, with hound, and horn, and horse, chasing the timorous hare who is shot by a veteran marksman behind a tree; the gun and game bag standing against an oak, while the crouching puppy is looking askance at a squirrel hopping over the underwood; the fishing tackling of the fisherman at the other extreme, with his string of fish suspended from a tree, while in the distance, is seen a noble pair of pugilists, peeled, in the ring, and dealing out sturdy blows in fight, while the claret flows, bets are taking, and thousands admiring the skill and science displayed. Such is an imperfect outline of the frontispiece or frontal head of our paper, which we have taken some pains, and incurred some expense to get up, and which we hope will please. Our reward must be in the patronizing favor of our friends.

☞*Subscriptions for this paper will be received at the following places, viz:*—Bourne's, Peabody & Co's, Tattersals', Sylvester's, and Waite's, in Broadway, and Clark & Brown's Maiden-Lane. Also at 53 Fulton street.

NEW-YORK AS IT IS.

The city of New-York now justly boasts of a larger population, more numerous public and private edifices, a more extended commerce, more active mercantile enterprize, a greater amount of capital and wealth, a greater variety of interests, industries and employments, than any city in the union. With more than 200,000 souls congregated within her extensive confines, composed of emigrants and descendants of emigrants from almost every nation on earth, bringing with them their national feelings, propensities and habits—with a commerce and mercantile marine, which pervades every part of the world, and unfurls the flag of freedom and power on every wave, making nations the most remote subsidiary to her growing wealth and greatness; with the arts in all their numerous train of variety and prosperity in ceaseless and energetic exercise; this imperial city, situated as it is at the confluence of two mighty rivers, near the sea, may justly boast of an elevation of character and a nobility of standing among her contemporaries, which challenges competition, astonishment and awe. Superadded too, to these magnificent assemblages of business, wealth and enterprize, are her numerous places of public resort, her temples of pleasure, her abodes of fashion, elegance and ease, where taste and refinement, opulence and grandeur, can present their daily and their nightly offerings—where the mind can unbend its exercised powers, thought revel in the bosom of enjoyment, and fancy and fame, and feeling and judgment, sparkle with the brilliancy of an earthly firmament, and meet in a concentrated blaze of glory and delight.

In this brief contemplation of the wonders of this great and growing city, with its almost endless multiformity of objects to arrest and rivet attention, it is difficult to know where to begin and where to end the description. But as it is our purpose to devote our columns to a consideration of animated and cheerful, rather than ordinary business doing subjects; as we intend to present to the public through our journal, a sketch of the seats and scenes of pleasure and amusement, rather than depict the haunts and hum of sturdy industry or evertoiling labor, we shall take the liberty to speak more particularly of those improvements and recreative establishments which add fresh feelings to the heart of life, and tear from it the oppression of dreariness and the thorn of pain.

Among the number of interesting seats and scenes, where the soul of leisure, ease and indulgence whiles away its hours and requickens its energies, are the Theatres. These, while they impart a pleasing sensation to the mind, and enrich it by the exhibition of correct exemplifications of human character and morals, are justly considered by the world of taste and fashion, as schools for the cultivation of a knowledge of man as he is, and worthy of enlightened consideration and attention. For, when such minds as Shakspeare's and a host of others have lit up the lights of science, wisdom and learning therein, and shed the broad and effulgent blaze of intellectual glory thereon—when the Drama's voice has shaken the tyrant's throne, rendered oppression odious, and caused liberty, with herculean force to burst, renovated and redeemed from the withering embrace of despotism; we have reason to respect its influence and reverence its power. And should tyranny here in this now happy home of freemen, ever dare to raise its ugly head; should oppression ever dare to forge gloomy fetters to enslave mankind, the thunders of the Drama, directed by intellectual courage and independence, would be hurled at the intruding monster, and drive him down, scathed and crushed by its tremendous bolts, to its own native hell.

In treating of theatrical establishments, the first and oldest that presents itself, is the

Park Theatre.

This institution which now blossoms so brightly in histrionic fame and has reflected so many lights from its numerous "*stars*," was erected many years since, upon the demise of two others of antecedent date, whose celebrity was eclipsed by this new candidate for patronage and esteem. The orbit of its influence has not been confined to a single hemisphere; but borrowing talent and taste, and science and judgment, from the transatlantic world, it has irradiated the old, as well as the new with its coruscating rays. Native talent also has been often able to ripen into greatness under the auspices of its able management, and thousands, now no more, have been electrified into delight by the scintillations of genius and of skill, there so frequently exhibited. Situated so near the Hall of Justice and the public offices—in the centre of a fashionable and wealthy population, venerable by its age and intrepid enterprises to please, it has stood long before the play loving public as the *alma mater* of the theatrical establishments of this city, the purveyor of pleasures more than can be named. Its scenery, decorations and interior arrangements are of the most respectable order, calculated to accommodate and gratify its often numerous visitors; its music pure and thrilling; its acting good; its *corps dramatique* highly talented; its management chaste and judicious; its police effective, and its reputation and popularity decidedly high. And although with other institutions of a similar description it has experienced outbreakings of popular feeling against particular individual acts, and has had to bend to the supreme sovereignty of popular judgment, yet those instances of popular effervescence have no more resulted in the prostration of its solid fame, than a reprehended act of any individual has affected the otherwise unpolluted current of his life. This theatre is now in successful operation, and the associated powers of Price, Simpson and Barry, with their able auxiliaries, warrant it continued patronage and favor.

The next establishment which is the competing candidate for public favor, with the Park, is the

American Theatre, Bowery.

This institution, which originally burst with so much brilliancy upon the public gaze, and whose lofty columns rose as if by magic before the wondering eyes of man, and which was then denominated the *Bowery* Theatre, is literally a palace of pleasure to the thousands who have shed upon it the patronage of their purses and smiles. Its growth to fame was rapid as the eagle's flight, and like that lofty monarch of the air it had an eyry in many a liberal heart. Conscious of the powerful influence exerted over popular opinion by the Park establishment, which had grown grey as its outward wall, in the service of pleasing, the Bowery managers bent every energy of their minds and powers to the task of deserving a portion of the public patronage. The means used were eminently successful; for no pains or expense were spared—no labor or effort omitted—no skill or talent unemployed, that could be obtained, to render the then Bowery worthy of esteem and favor. It rapidly won upon the public confidence, and soon reached as proud a height of fame as any establishment of the kind in the United States. In the midst, however of its brilliant and successful career, when the measure of its early glory was beginning to be full, a fatal casualty occurred which sent it to its grave. A tremendous conflagration occurring in the neighborhood, extended its devouring fires to this establishment, and wrapping its lofty roof, its majestic dome, and its noble pillars in its destructive vortex, consigned it with all its internal beauty and external grandeur, to its funeral pyre and a heap of rude conglomerated matter, scattered elements, and topping walls, alone remained to tell that the Bowery once stood. The motto "*Ilium fuit*," was a fit epitaph for its ashes.

Soon however, the energy and enterprise of its former proprietors, were exerted for its re-elevation; and soon the noble structure rose again with renovated beauty and grandeur, the splendor and the pride of that interesting portion of the city. Its interior decorations and arrangements, became more perfect than before; its furniture and finish were more elegant; its accommodations better and more extensive, and the public awarded it their pleasure and praise. In the history of its progress, numerous instances of high-wrought liberality and benevolence have occurred; and acting like a tutelary deity to native talent, it nurtured and ushered into fame, a Forrest, a Hazard, a Thorne, a Clifton and others, who, but for its patronizing breath, might have slept like the pearl in the ocean, unnoticed and unknown.

In his efforts to make this establishment what it ought to be, its present able Manager, Mr. Hamblin, deserves high commendation. It is now the birth-place of many pieces of high dramatic interest, and the field of powerful and enlightened acting. Its *corps dramatique* is talented and strong; its music extensive and harmonious; its police regulations excellent, and its character, elevated and commanding. It has now the American name, in proud blazonry on its escutcheon, and the *American Eagle*, with widely outstretched wings in burning gold, hovers with matchless dignity and glory over its destinies. Under such guardianship it must be successful.

Chatham Amphitheatre.

This establishment under the name of Chatham Garden, has for a number of years, been conspicuously known, as affording entertainments of a two-fold character. Equestrian exercises of a superior order, have been exhibited to the wondering eyes of thousands; feats of agility and activity which astonished the beholders, have been performed; while dramatic tact and talent waking from their temporary slumber, have energized to the admiration of multitudes. The varied character of the performances, gave a richer zest to the primitive pleasures that were tasted, and relieved the mind from the *ennui*, that a repetition of the same, or similar scenes in swift succession, was calculated to produce. The Chatham at the last opening, was appropriated principally to performances on the rope, equestrian exercises, &c. and the engagements having terminated, it is reported that it will be closed for a short time.

Richmond Hill Theatre.

"Another Richmond in the field," in the commencing operations of this Theatre, convinces the public that the taste for dramatic pleasures is rather on the increase.

This Theatre, formerly the delightful country residence of the celebrated Col. Burr, and then surrounded by rural scenery, is situated in the upper part of the city, where a dense population, possessing taste and wealth, concentrate their favor and patronage. Its location is advantageous for the people in that section of New-York, to witness theatrical amusements of a distinguished order, without the necessity of wending their weary way to scenes of pleasure more distant.—It was opened early in November, under the directions of Mr. Russell who with an enlighted corps of auxiliaries has found that success in the prosecution of his enterprise, has been obtained in a pre-eminent degree. The interior of the house is neat and commodious, the whole arrangement good, the acting such as to command public approbation, and the patronage received such as to warrant a profitable investment to those who are concerned. This new candidate for favor has as yet been welcomed with the sunshine and smiles of a delighted people, and as Mr. Russell deserves, so assuredly he will receive the reward to which he is so justly entitled.

[*To be continued.*]

A short time since, while the water-pipes were being laid in William street, we happened one day to be passing a spot where the ditch was dug out to the depth of five or six feet; and from some cause or other, the water had been let in, which filled it nearly full. Some chips, straw, &c. were floating about on the surface, and of course the oddity of the spot attracted some attention. Some mischievous boys had placed a board, of a length barely sufficient to touch each side, across the ditch, and covered each end with earth in such a manner as gave it the appearance of being firmly bedded for a passage across. Presently we espied a buck—with whiskers, the enormous dimensions and exquisite cue of which could be far more adequately conveyed to the mind of the reader with scissors and curling-tongs than with pen and ink—making towards the aforesaid board—Being curious to see what was going on he stopped up and examined the board, and concluding from appearances that it was firmly based, stepped on, and no sooner did his weight come in contact with the strength of his foothold, than he found himself sprawling and pawing in the ditch! After finally succeeding in gaining *terra firma*, he enquired with first a long and then a short breath—"*who put that there?*"—which pithy address was received with yells and simultaneous bursts of applause from a large concourse of boys and ragamuffins.

Marble.

H. CLINTON PAGE continues to supply orders for MARBLE WORK at his former stand, 132 Division street, New-York, such as Gravestones, Tombs, Cenotaphs, and Funeral Monuments, of every description, executed to order, with elegance and despatch.

N. B.—H. C. P. from his former practice for the Jew burying ground in Montreal, will be able to execute inscriptions in the Hebrew letter with greater facility and in a style superior to any of the trade in the city. dec 10

S. D. CHILDS,
Engraver on Wood,
175, BROADWAY,
NEW-YORK

The Drama.

THEATRES.—PLAYS FOR TO-NIGHT.

At the Park Theatre, will be performed the Drama of the CARNIVAL AT NAPLES. After which the Farce of PERFECTION. To conclude with SAUL BRAINTREE, or the Poacher.

At the American Theatre, Bowery, will be performed the Opera of the SIEGE of BELGRADE, in which Mrs. Anderson appears as Lilla. To conclude with the FOREST of ROSENWOLD, or the Bleeding Nun.

At the Richmond Hill Theatre, will be performed the CASTLE SPECTRE. After which Mr SUTTON, the celebrated Ventriloquist will appear. To conclude with the Drama of the ROBBER'S WIFE.

Our Engraver has not been able to finish in season for this number a design, intended expressly to head this interesting department. It will be found in our next.

Owing to the many calls on our time, we have been unable the past week to visit the Theatres; but understand they have been well attended. The Editor of the Old Countryman thus notices the performances of the week.—

Master Burke has been performing to delighted audiences the last week at the Park. He is now under a short engagement at Boston, in which city, as every where else, he is deservedly, an unusual favorite.

The new opera of Masaniello has been produced at this house. Mr. Sinclair performs the principal part with his usual excellence—we only regret Mr. I. Jones and Mrs. Austin or some other distinguished female vocalist are not engaged in it with him. Mrs. Sharp, much as she is liked as an actress, makes no pretensions to excellence in the vocal department of elegant opera. What a concentration of talent might now be produced in this line of the drama. Mr. Sinclair, Mr. Anderson, Mr. I. Jones, Mrs. Austin, Miss Hughes, and other celebrated vocalists being at hand. We cannot but feel surprised that the Managers of this house, who have reaped such a golden reward in Cinderella and other pieces, do not avail themselves of it. We are sure it would well repay them.

At the American Theatre, Bowery, Mr Pearson has been engaged, and performed William Tell, with other principal parts.—Mrs. Hadaway, who is a most excellent vocalist, has also appeared through the week, and sung some of her fine songs. Mrs. Anderson has been engaged at this house, for three nights.

The Richmond Hill Theatre is said to be in the full tide of successful experiment. Mr. Kilner, Mr. Finn, Mrs. and Miss Duff, Miss Rock, and others are there. It would be superfluous to say, that with such performers, much pleasure can be derived from visiting this theatre.

Mons. and Madame Villallave, are exhibiting feats of strength, dancing, &c. at the Chatham. In fine, if the public do not enjoy themselves with theatricals at the present time in this city it will not be for want of opportunity or a lack of first-rate talent to amuse them.

Italian Opera.—A meeting of the subscribers to the Italian opera in this city, was convened at the house of Mr. Lorenzo Daponte, on Monday evening, the 28th inst.

The following preamble and resolution were presented and unanimously adopted.—

Whereas certain arrangements have been made by Mr. L. Daponte; to introduce into New-York, a company of Italian *artistes* with a view to the performance of the best operas of the Mozart.

And whereas more than four thousand dollars have been subscribed by the citizens of New-York, to carry the same into effect. Therefore, Resolved, that it is expedient to appoint a Committee in behalf of the subscribers, to whom shall be committed, the collection, control, general management and disposition of the fund subscribed—with full powers to promote and accomplish the objects in view, as to them may seem right and expedient.

The subscribers then, Resolved, that the Committee shall consist of twenty-four members.

The following gentlemen was nominated and duly appointed members of the Committee:—

Charles Wilkes, Philip Hone, Charles King, Gardner G. Howland, Robert Roy, John Delafield, Gen. Morgan Lewis, Francis Cottenet, Dominick Lynch, Lorenzo Daponte, Sen. Gen. Winfield Scott, Prosper M. Wetmore, O. Mauran, Saml. B. Ruggles, Alderman Rhinelander, Robert Emmet, Edward Heckscher, Robert L. Patterson, Walter Bowne, Alderman Hall, Peter Harmony, Fanning C. Tucker, Daniel Embury, Charles J. Smith.
Cour. & Enq.

Theatrical Gossip.—The drama in which the Lions are destined to play their parts, was rehearsed yesterday at Drury Lane. As a composition, the piece has very high merit, and promises to be effective to a degree, far surpassing the most sanguine hopes that had been previously entertained of it. The whole is admirably devised; and nothing is more astonishing in this astonishing entertainment, than the manner in which the agency of the Lions is kept subordinate and auxiliary, merely, to the interest of an ably constructed plot. The piece will be produced about the end of next week. Stanfield is busily employed in the preparation of scenes for the occasion, which promise to eclipse all his former exquisite productions in that line.

A new law is contemplated by the legislature, relating to the Drama, by which the Lord Chamberlain, for the time being, shall be entitled to a complete jurisdiction over all the theatres in London and its environs; at present, the control of the Lord Chamberlain extends only to Drury Lane, Convent Garden, the Haymarket, the Italian Opera House, the Adelphi, the English Opera House, and the Olympic Theatre.

It is rumored that Mr. Arnold is in treaty for the purchase of the old Pantheon; and in the event of its being concluded, the plan for building a new Theatre, on the site of the Lyceum, will be abandoned. The sum asked for the Pantheon, in its present state, is twenty thousand pounds, and it would require thirty thousand pounds more as an additional outlay. This is a fearful sum!

Planche has a new Opera at Covent Garden, and another at Drury Lane. Kenney, it is said, has returned to his old friend, Charles Kemble, with a new Comedy. Pocock has a Drama at Covent Garden; a new Tragedy, written by a popular author, will shortly be introduced at the same Theatre, in which Miss Fanny Kemble, Charles Kemble, and Charles Young, have characters suited to their respective talents.

Madame Pasta, Rubini, and Lablache, are now performing in the Italian Opera at Paris, where Pasta has been more successful, and is in higher favour than at any former period. Notwithstanding the great paucity of English residents in the French capital, and the somewhat diminished ardour for theatricals in general, the conservatoires of the Italian Opera have little cause to complain.

Madame Malibran is, at present, pursuing a most successful exercise of her professional talents in the French provinces. In the theatre at Lille, for one evening's performance, about ten days ago, she received three hundred pounds sterling.

Arch street Theatre.—The entertainments at this house continue to be of the most attractive character. Scott repeated *Sir Giles Overreach* on Saturday with increased success. On Monday *Romeo and Juliet* was played, the principal characters by Miss Derr and Mr. Murdoch. We did not witness the performance, but we have heard it highly praised by judicious observers.

Mr. E. Forrest commenced a second engagement on Wednesday in Dr. Bird's popular tragedy of the *Gladiator*. As is always the case when this favorite tragedian appears the house was filled. His personation of *Spartacus* has improved since he left us. They who have not seen the Gladiator, should avail themselves of the first opportunity. It is admirably adapted to exhibit the merits of Forrest and Scott, and is besides possessed of great excellence as a drama.

Caius Marius, by our townsman Richard Penn Smith, is announced as being in rehearsal. It will be produced during Mr. Forrest's present visit. This play has great merit, and should be liberally patronized.

The managers of the Arch street Theatre, with their accustomed liberality, have voluntarily offered the use of their house and company to Mr Warren. Their proposition has of course been accepted, and some night next week will be appropriated to that gentleman's benefit.

Mr. E. Forrest appears upon this occasion, and thus insure to the veteran actor a good house.
Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

To a Discerning Public.

S. J. SYLVESTER known as "the ever and always lucky 130 Broadway would respectfully inform his friends and patrons that he is still ahead of all the venders in the U. S. as regards selling the capital Prizes—again last Wednesday he sold one two high Prizes of $10,000 and 2000.

☞S. J. Sylvester would remind his friends that he has no connection with any other office in this city and that he is regularly licensed by the state he also has permission to refer all those who are unacquainted with him the respectable Managers Yates and McIntyre.

All orders by mail will meet the same attention as on personal application, and when $5 and upwards is remitted and no particular class named, Tickets will be sent in the first good scheme. A New-York Lottery will be drawn in this city every Wednesday. Original tickets and shares only, are sold by Sylvester.

N. B. In addition to the Lottery, Sylvester attends to the Exchange and Commission business and has offices in Baltimore Md; Pittsburgh Pa.; Patterson N. J.; and also confidential agents in Philadelphia, Washington City, New-Orleans, Boston, Providence, Albany and most of the large cities in the U. S., likewise connections in Liverpool and London.

Gold, Silver and *Notes* bought and sold on the best. Drafts collected, and Bills given on England in sums to suit purchasers.

The following splendid scheme will be drawn in this city.

December 14, Class No. 12.
66 *Number Lottery.*—10 *Drawn Ballots*,
CAPITALS.
$40.000 $20.000
$10.000 &c. &c.
TICKETS ONLY $10.

December 21, Extra 36.
66 *Number Lottery*, 10 *Drawn Ballots*,
Prizes $20,000 $5,000 2 of $1,600 &c.
Tickets only $5.

December 28 Ex 37.
66 *Number Lottery*—9 *Drawn Ballots*
THREE PRIZES OF $10,000!!!
TICKETS ONLY $5.

Jan. 11th 1832 Class No. 13 for 1831.
48 *Number Lottery*—*SEVEN drawn numbers*
Capitals, $30,000 $10,000 4,058 &c.
Tickets $5. dec10

Robert H. Elton,
Engraver on Wood, No. 137, Division st.
NEW-YORK.

A LARGE assortment of one, three, and six cent colored Toy Pictures, wholesale and retail. Fancy Prints, Stationary, Songs, &c.—A liberal discount made to venders. dec 10tf

Dreams! Dreams!!

A NARRATIVE of all the dreams related to me by whimsical customers, during the last year, respecting Lotteries, would fill an octavo volume of chimerical notions. Married and single, maids and bachelors, have each in their turn given me an account of their golden visions: while those who think it too much trouble to dream, or to fancy particular numbers, purchase tickets and draw the high prizes. A few days ago, Monsieur Phantome called at my office, and with his usual rapidity of speech, for which his countrymen are so remarkable, inquired if "Mr. Vait was in de offis?" "Yes, sir," was the natural reply. "Vell, sair I vont one ticket in de grand Loterie to draw in de grand city of New York. Vat you call dat in Anglaise, Monsier Vait?" "A New York Lottery to be drawn in Albany, sir." "Very vell, Madame Phantome av vong grand dream last night before we got up in de morning. She see de doubloon, de Spanish dollaire, de dukat, de Mexican egell. Ah, ah, very grand shine—make my eye glad. Ve considair on de subject—ve take our coffee—ve den considair little more. Ve take soup—French make ver bon soup, Monsieur Vait—put all de good tings in it. Ve den take littel fricasee bull frog, not John Bull frog—no, no, ... fight de grand Emperor Napoleon, and put him on de rat island to keep him out de mischief. Ah, ah, de rascal John Bull. By gar! I will shotte im vit my pistole, run im trou with my daggair, blow off is ed with my cannone—I so mad. Vel, sair, I in von large very big hurry. Madame Phantome vant de numbers two, three, von hundred." This, indeed, was a puzzling demand, from a vehement applicant. 2. 3. 100, in a sixty number lottery! But had it not occurred to me, like one of those flashes of lightning invented by Portland editors to adorn and illuminate the columns of a New-York paper in its select extracts on Lotteries, I never should have extricated myself from this dilemma. I sent him on the instant to Dr. Joe Strickland, one of the faculty, proverbial for gravity who no doubt felt his pulse, looked at his voluble tongue, and bled him freely. He is no doubt cured of his dreaming propensities by this time. My customers are recommended to lay on their sides hereafter, if convenient, which it is said by the learned, will prevent dreaming—and supply themselves with prizes in the Lottery to drawn in New-York, on Wednesday next, at WAITE's, 209 Broadway, corner Fulton street. $40,000 highest prize. Tickets only ten dollars. dec 10

To Printers and Publishers.

THE subscriber's expectations having been more than realized in the sale of his LIGHT FACE PRINTING TYPE, he takes this opportunity of returning thanks for the favours received. He hopes, by the exertions made and now making to bring out new articles, which may be depended upon for service, as well as in Stereotyping as Printing, that his Typographical Brethren, and Publishers, will find it beneficial to themselves to continue their patronage.

A new and complete series of Alphabets, from Agate to English, NEW STYLE, (hair lines rather stouter than any heretofore got up in this country,) are now in a state of forwardness, Agate, Minion, Brevier, and Long Primer are complete, impressions of which can be seen on application; this style of type is more particularly calculated for Newspaper Printing.

The demand for the subscriber's Type, and Stereotype, has been so extensive, that he has been induced to enlarge his establishment by an additional building—so that he is now prepared to execute the most extensive orders in either line, with much greater facility than heretofore; and on as favourable terms, as to credit, &c. as are offered at similar establishments.

Type which has only been used in stereotyping, most generally on hand and can be furnished on short notice at a reasonable rate to those who may prefer it.

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CHARLES G. CHRISTMAN, Manufacturer of Musical Instruments, having taken the First Premium for the best Flutes, Accordions, Kent and Pocket Bugles, at the Annual Fair of the American Institute, offers for sale the following instruments, which are not surpassed by any in the Union. Patent Flutes of the newest improved style, tip Flutes, plain Flutes, Fifes, Clarionets, Flageolets, double Flageolets, Bassoons, Bass Horns, Serpents, elegant Patent Horns, Kent Bugles, common Bugles, Trombones, Trumpets, Drums, Tambourines, Turkish Cymbals, Bass Viols, Violins, Guitars, Hand Organs, new patent Accordions, Mouth Harmonicas, with instructions in Spanish and English, and a general collection of Piano Forte Music at half price.—Instruction Books for all kinds of instruments, and Music for all kinds of wind instruments. All kinds of instruments tuned and repaired. The subscriber would particularly direct the attention of the public to a newly invented patent Accordion, which is played on by the hands, and with the greatest ease, emitting the most complicated and beautiful sounds. It has 6, 7 and 9 keys, and on it may be executed the most difficult pieces with no effort. He hopes that the public who have heretofore been very liberal in patronizing him, will still continue to stop at 398 Pearl street, where they will always find a supply of first rate Musical Merchandize on the most liberal terms. He has just received a supply of first rate Roman Violin Strings at the lowest prices. dec 10tf

The Casket.

"A nosegay of culled flowers, with nothing of our own but the thread that ties them."

I'M NOT A HANDSOME MAN.

When I have pondered, now and then,
The miseries that arise
From those thrice favoured mortals, "Men
With lovely hair, and eyes;"
The girls that daily lose their wits,
From "looks where lightnings flash;"
The tears, and sighs, and fainting fits,
Produced by a mustache;
The battles, murders, wounds, and scars
Since first the world began—
I very often thank my stars
I'm not a handsome man.

Though I am tender to them all,
For *me* they never fret;
I never caus'd a tear to fall
From any female, yet!
We part for twenty years, or two—
No "strong convulsions" tell—
We meet—I faulter "How d'ye do?"
They laugh a gay "Quite well."
I never hear "You've grown *so* thin,"
From Fanny, or from Ann;
I can't perceive they care a pin—
I'm not a handsome man.

The "soft regrets," the "agony,"
The "soothings," that repay
A broken heart, or head, on me
Are never thrown away;
They see *me* take, without remorse,
No sust'nance for a week;
Or mount the most neck-breaking horse,
Without a single shriek:
No "Don't for mercy's sake be rash,"
No tender "How you can,"
Unheeded all *my* bones may crash—
I'm not a handsome man!

All my perfections have an "IF,"
My virtues all a "BUT."
"His gait is graceful, BUT too stiff;"
His mouth well shaped, IF shut;"
"He writes the most delicious rhymes,
But has not *one blue vein!*"
"Like Byron, raves of foreign climes,
But, Heavens! he is so plain!"
Yet this, *for* all I have withstood,
The only praise they can—
"If he's not *beautiful*, he's good"—
I'm not a handsome man!

Quin, the Celebrated English commedian, was distinguished for his attachment to the society of females; though the accounts which have been handed down of his rugged habits and propensities may have led the reader to the contrary supposition. Where ladies were present one evening, the subject of conversation was the doctrine of Pythagoras. Quin remained silent. One of the party (remarkable for the whiteness of her neck) asked Quin his opinion—"Do you believe in the transmigration of souls, Mr. Quin?" "Oh yes, madam!" "And pray, may I inquire what creature's form would you prefer hereafter to inhabit?" "A fly's, madam." "A fly!" "Yes, that I might have the pleasure, at some future day, of resting on your ladyship's neck." There was infinite delicacy in the following: Being asked by a lady why it was reported that there were more women in the world than men, he replied, "It is in conformity with the arrangements of nature, madam; we always see more of *heaven* than earth!"

A gentleman employing a porter, named *Russell*, asked him jocularly, "Pray is your coat of arms the same with the Duke of Bedford's?" "Our *arms*," answered the fellow, "are, I suppose, pretty much alike; but there is a confounded difference in our *coats*."

"I am afraid of the lightning," murmured a pretty woman, during a thunder storm. "Well you may be," sighed a despairing adorer, "when your heart is steel."

To contradict a man in argument is to knock at his door to see if there is any body at home.

From Bell's Life in London.

THE TAPPERS.

AIR—"*The Woodpecker.*"

I knew by the wine and the grog ordered in,
That a match had been made and the money was down,
We wish in a bumper the best man might win,
And boxing return to its former renown;
But silence was call'd—all was hush'd in the throng,
Save the President tapping the board for a song.

The office was giv'n where the men were to fight,
And the lads of the Fancy were soon on the wing;
The beaks were at fault, the deposits all right—
And the nobs all impatience for forming the ring;
All was silence and order, I heard not a sound,
But Frosty-face tapping the stakes to the ground.

Now eager for action, the combattants peel,
Their attitude noble, portentious their frown;
Hit, stop, and return—blows like lightning they deal
And heedless of punishment, fight for renown;
And well with their mawleys they bustle about,
For the claret they're tapping in streams from the snout.

But the fight is decided, the struggle is o'er,
And again we rejoice over the soul-stirring cup;
And while the defeat of the brave we deplore,
The stakes to a victor with cheers we give up
While dropping a hint that the thing has been cross'd,
The losers are tipping the blunt that they've lost.

Every one who knew Hoppner must recollect that he was one of the *genus irritabile*. A wealthy stock broker drove up to his door, and two carriages emptied into his hall in Charles street, a gentleman and lady, with five sons and seven daughters, all samples of *pa* and *ma*, as well fed and as city-bred and comely a family as any within the sound of Bowbell. "Well Mr. Painter," said he "here we are—a baker's dozen. How much will you demand for painting the whole *lot* of us—prompt payment for discount?" "Why," replied the astonished painter, viewing the questioner, "why, sir, that will depend upon the dimensions, style, composition, and"—"Oh that is settled," quoth the enlightened broker. "we are all to be touched off in one piece, as large as life—all seated upon our lawn at Clapham, and all singing God save the King." "These things" said Hoppner, in relating the circumstance to his friend Gifford, "these things are part and parcel of the delectables of portrait painting."—*Library of the Fine Arts.*

To converse well is of more importance in every-day life than to write well. But they are both talents or acquirements of inestimable value, the possession of one of which need in no instance exclude that of the other. On the contrary, if properly cultivated, they are mutual promoters.

Hope is a prodigal young heir, and experience is his banker; but his drafts are seldom honored, since there is often a heavy balance against him, because he draws largely upon a small capital, is not yet in possession, and if he were, would die.

The proverb ought to run, "A fool and his words are soon parted; a man of genius and his money."—*Shenstone.*

I have learned that nothing can constitute good breeding, that has not good nature for its foundation.—*Bulwer.*

Where the sympathies of the heart have not been encouraged to expand, no cultivation of the understanding will have power to render the character eminently great or good.—*Hamilton.*

He is treated like a fiddler whose music, though liked, is not much praised, because he lives by it; while a gentleman performer, though the most wretched scraper alive, throws the audience into raptures.—*Goldsmith.*

It was said by Sir Thomas Overbury, that the man who has nothing to boast of but illustrious ancestors, is like a potato—the only good thing belonging to him is under ground.

I know no friends more faithful, more inseparable than hard-heartedness and pride, humility and love, lies and impudence.—*Lavater.*

Shame is a feeling of profanation. Friendship, love, and piety, ought to be handled with a sort of mysterious secrecy; they ought to be spoken of only in the rare moments of perfect confidence—to be mutually understood in silence. Many things are too delicate to be thought—and there are many more that are equally improper to be spoken.

A fool can neither eat nor drink, nor stand nor walk; nor, in short, laugh, nor take snuff, like a man of sense. How obvious the distinction.—*Shenstone.*

An odd sort of a genius, having stepped into a mill, was looking with apparent astonishment at the movement of the machinery, when the miller thinking to quiz him, asked if he had heard the news. "Not's I know on," said he, 'what is it?' 'Why, replied the miller, they say the d——l is dead.' 'By jings,' says Jonathan, is he! Who tends the mill then?'

From the Am. Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

FIRST MEETING ON THE CENTRAL COURSE.

Our correspondent "Godolphin" has better described than we could have done the first races on the Central course; but a feeling of pride, as a citizen, will not permit us to let the occasion pass without expressing the common sentiment of admiration at the perfect *order* and *decorum* with which the immense concourse of spectators behaved. Not a man, of any grade, that did not seem to feel that his own character was in some measure at stake; and so universal was the disposition to observe the regulations of the Club, that one might have supposed every man on the ground was a police officer. If here and there a transgression occurred, it was only necessary to point it out, and the party hastened to repair the fault he had unconsciously committed. Another source of pleasure to mere amateurs and spectators, was the perfectly good humor and manly cheerfulness with which the result of each contest was met by all the competitors. The meetings of members and strangers at the social board, after each day's race, were enlivened by sporting songs and anecdotes; and the popping of corks was followed by toasts that, for genuine sparkling wit and appropriateness, were never excelled on any similar occasion.

For all these proud and gratifying results, we have to thank ourselves that our Club has been so far kept, where it should ever remain, in the hands of *gentlemen!*—determined to sustain it with gentlemanly views and for useful purposes; without fear of deterioration, as long as our efforts may be rewarded, as they were on this occasion, by the presence of large assemblies—

"Rich in all woman's loveliness;—
With eyes so pure, that from their ray
Dark Vice would turn abash'd away,
Blinded, like serpents when they gaze
Upon the emerald's virgin blaze!"

But brief as we must be, and little as our correspondent has left us to say, we must advert to the striking and auspicious effect on our first attempt, of the appearance, the evident satisfaction, and yet more, the honorable examples set us by the *distinguished sportsmen* and *strangers*, who came to witness our first display on the Central course. If any one of them went away under the slightest feeling of having been neglected, let him ascribe it to accident, to the hurry of the occasion,—to any thing but a want of desire to reciprocate the courtesies which Marylanders always meet abroad.

One item in the arrangements for the week's amusement, as it was new with us, ought not to be omitted—"THE MARYLAND JOCKEY CLUB BALL," where the beauty and fashion that rendered the ladies' pavillion the most brilliant point of admiration at the course, re-assembled in the evening to charm yet more, by a nearer view, and to repeat their assurances of gratification at all they had witnessed. It was select, full and gay, and was *managed* with perfection; since every thing glided on so smoothly as that no management was perceptible. Never did a ball take, or "go off" better. The portraiture of Black Maria, as large as life, occupied a place in the centre of the ball room, where she will be succeeded, from year to year, by the winners of the *great post stake*.

Hurried as we are, the pen must not be thrown down without bearing testimony to the obligation, which every one has been prompt to assert, as due to COL. U. S. HEATH, who, in the lamented absence of our President, consented to act for the occasion; being solicited by Vice President S. W. Smith, (who had presided with ability at all our preparatory meetings,) seconded by the unanimous concurrence of the Club. In the Judges' stand he was prompt, clear, courteous and impartial; at the festive board he was adroit, eloquent and happy. Were we to *register* the many kind things that were said of him, our short story would be as long as the main-top bowline. Amongst many others—

The "Heath" of the Central course—"a fair field, and no favour."

was drunk with "hip, hip, hip, huzza!—hip, hip, hip, huzza!—hip, hip, hip, huzza!"—Heaven, and those who could count, know how often—'tis more than we can tell.

Our Secretary, Colonel Thomas, relied on in all emergencies, and going, as is his way, beyond the letter of his duty, to arrange a thousand details, made his influence to be felt even where he was not seen, for the benefit of the public and the honour of the association. As for our worthy and respected Proprietor, J. M. Selden, the *whole table* bore ample testimony to his liberality and excellent management. To his success, and that of the Central course, if Providence permit, we will often meet there again to take

"One bottle more."

CENTRAL COURSE—FALL SEASON, 1831.

The first race over this new and beautiful course took place on Tuesday, the 25th of October, for a purse of $300, two mile heats; for which Virginia Taylor, Celeste, Malinda, Bachelor and General Brooke, came to the post.

The lead was taken and kept by Malinda. At the end of the first mile she was 30 or 40 yards ahead of Celeste and General Brooke, who contended, or attempted to contend, for the heat. Virginia Taylor and Bachelor laid back. The second mile did not mend the matter for the General or Celeste. Malinda maintained her advantage and her stride, and won in 3 m. 56 s.—Virginia Taylor against the field.

Second heat.—The lead was again taken by Malinda, and kept, with apparent ease, for a mile and a half, when Virginia was seen to be nearing her. At the commencement of the last quarter she closed the gap, passed, and beat her in 20 or 30 yards.

Time, 3 m. 51 s.

Celeste and the General were distanced. Malinda was drawn, and the old Bachelor so much distressed that it was pounds to pence on the lady.

Third heat.—Virginia took the track, was never headed, and won easy, in 3 m. 59 s.

Virginia Taylor looked (as most horses brought to the post by A. Taylor do,) *fit to run*. Malinda's hair looked as if it had not been combed in a fortnight, and Celeste and the General were both out of fix—he too fat, and she too lean.

Second day, a poststakes, $500 entrance: $1000 added by the proprietor six subscribers; making in all $4000.

For this stake, Col. Johnson's Virginia Taylor, Col. Wynn's James Cropper, Dr. Minge's Eliza Reiley, J. C. Stevens' Black Maria, Gen. Irvine's Busiris and Mr. White's Collier, were entered.

The amount of the purse, the reputation of the horses, together with the concourse assembled to witness it, gave to this race an interest, scarcely inferior to that excited by the contest between Henry and Eclipse. The course, from the surrounding hills, had the appearance of a vast amphitheatre. Its whole area seemed covered with equipages, (some of them very splendid) mingled with troops of well dressed men, on foot and on horseback. The sun shone with more than his usual splendor—there was not a cloud to be seen—Heaven and the ladies smiled upon the first efforts of the Maryland Jockey Club. How, then, could they fail? Their immense pavilions were crowded with spectators, collected from every State in the Union. The one appropriated to the ladies, was occupied by hundreds of the gay and beautiful of that sex, without whose smiles, the flowers of the brightest wreaths, ever wove for victory, would fade and be valueless. Their *presence* was felt as a security for the observance of those rules, the slightest violation of which would have been deemed a disgrace, too deep for a gentleman, and too dangerous for a ruffian to encounter.

The horses were mounted, and got off well together at a few minutes after one. Eliza Reiley came out of the crowd and took the lead down the back stretch, followed at different distances by the others. In the last mile she was tackled by Virginia Taylor, who beat her the heat by a length, in 8 m. 3 s. What Collier and Cropper did, or meant to do, nobody could guess, as they appeared to change their minds some half dozen of times, running at one moment and pulling at another.—Busiris dropt just within his distance. The boy on Black Maria was ordered to do the same; but maugre his utmost exertions, and his running rein, she came within a mile distance of the winning horse. Had she broke away with him in the last half mile, (which I expected every minute to see,) she would have won the heat in spite of his teeth. The heat varied the betting but little. It was still, as at the commencement, Collier against Cropper—Collier against the field—Cropper against the black mare—the field against either, &c. &c.

For the second heat five started, Eliza Reiley being drawn. The first three miles of this heat was done in a gallop; neither seeming anxious to make play. At the end of the third mile Maria took the track, and kept it at a killing pace, winning easily, in 8 m. 10 s. Collier second, and Busiris distanced. This bout changed the complexion of things. It was now Maria against the field, and no takers.

Four stripped for the third heat; but the way in which the black mare cooled out, showed to those who knew a hawk from a handsaw, that the jig was up, barring accident. It was a side of bacon to a sour apple. No bad thing, as the stable boys, as well as myself, can vouch. That, together with the corn bread, stuck so close to the ribs of Gill and Ralph, that four ounces of salts had no effect on either, except to harden the corn bread and the bacon, and render them four ounces heavier, instead of four pounds (the difference between northern and southern weights) lighter. The event proved it no bad bet. Maria took the lead and kept it, winning easily, in 8 m. 3 s.—as hard as Ralph could pull her. Cropper broke down in the third mile. Collier second.

Same day, at 3 o'clock, a match, between Screamer and Trifle, was run; $1000 a side, two miles and repeat—even betting.

They got a good go off, and were locked for the first quarter. Screamer then took the track and kept it for a mile and a quarter, when Trifle came up and locked her again. At the turn, in the last half mile, Trifle went by her two or three lengths. In the last straight quarter the whip was given to Screamer, which brought her to Trifle's hips, at the ending post, in 3 m. 54 s.—Three and four to one on Trifle.

The second heat was nearly a repetition of the first. Screamer had the stride of her, but for want of condition, or something else, could not maintain it against such a real kill devil. Trifle won the heat with apparent ease, in 3 m. 57 s. Screamer broke out with the distemper the next day, and her friends also alleged, as an excuse for her, that she had fallen, a few days before desparately in love with Col. O'Kelly; (though the rascal did not deserve it, for he came nigh kicking her brains out, as a return for some little attention she showed him on the road.) They insisted that the agitation incident to so delicate a situation affected the powers of both body and mind. The vigorous exertion of both were certainly wanted in a contest with such a fly-away-jib as Trifle.

On Thursday it rained hard, and the race was postponed until the next day. On Friday three miles and repeat; purse $500. For this, the beautiful and modest Eliza Reiley, Restless, Annette, O'Kelly and Sparrowhawk, peeled and started, in the order they are named.

The contest for the first heat was between Restless and Eliza Reiley—the others laid up. No severe play was made by either until the last half mile, when Restless set to, and won the heat by half a length.

Time, 6 m. 2 s.

Restless the favorite at starting. Annette and Sparrowhawk were next in estimation. Eliza Reiley and the poor Colonel were scarcely considered in the race.

Second heat.—Restless and Sparrowhawk again on the lead. After rising the hill and rounding the turn, the Colonel hoisted his colours and made sail, but was headed by Restless and Sparrowhawk for the first half mile; at the end of which the Colonel got the weather-guage of them and shot by. He kept the lead until the last half mile, when Annette made a rush and got two or three lengths ahead, which the Colonel could not or would not recover. The boy tried the steel, but Ralph said, "the more he stuck the dod-darned horse, the more he would'nt go." So he gave up the persuaders and took to the cow-hide; but it was too late—he could but lap her at coming out. Annette beat him five or six feet, in 5 m. 54 s. The Colonel's unexpected stride and endurance gained him lots of friends, who backed him to win the next heat at trifling odds.

Third heat.—All five again shewed and got off well together; Restless and Sparrowhawk upon the lead. After rising the hill, O'Kelly went to work, and would have passed ahead, had it not been for the foulest cross ever witnessed on a race course; he was forced by the rider of Restless completely out of the track, and ran two or three hundred yards on the grass and uneven ground next the fence; he was obliged to pull behind and lost three or four lengths, which he did not recover until the next mile, when he cleared them in the run down the back stretch. In rising the hill in the third mile, O'Kelly stumbled and was so near falling as to throw the boy on his neck; but both horse and boy recovered, and at it they went again, neither of them in the best of tempers. O'Kelly determined to keep the larboard track, where the ground was soft, and Ralph as determined he should keep to the starboard, where it was smooth and hard as a brickbat. The fight lost or helped to lose him the heat. Annette beat him a length or more in 5 m. 57 s. But the style in which Ralph and the Colonel came to the ending post, defies description. It was a real John Gilpin business. The horse had neither bit in his mouth, or bridle on his head, and if the rein had not fortunately remained between his teeth, Ralph would have had his stubborn neck left to pull at, with a fair chance of breaking both his own and the Colonel's. The pace was a killing one. Sparrowhawk distanced, and Restless and Eliza Reiley not much better off.

The last race at the meeting came off on Saturday at 12 o'clock, 4 miles and repeat; purse $700, for which, Collier, May-Day, Maria and Trifle were led out. Two to one on Maria against the field and few takers. She was known to have fed but little, and to be somewhat stiff and sore from her race of Wednesday, still it was thought there was enough left in her to beat Collier, May-Day and an untried 3 years old of 14 hands high. The start was a good one. Collier and May Day had the track for the first two miles and a half, closely followed by Maria and Trifle. Maria then came in front and kept the lead to the turn in the last half mile, when, to the astonishment of every body, Trifle made a burst and went by her two or three lengths. Ralph was all abroad and did not know whether he was on his head or his heels. Whalebone and Catgut could only bring the mare to a lap at the ending post. Trifle won the heat in 8 m. Collier and May Day laid up. This heat, though it varied the betting on the black mare, did not discourage the friends of Collier, who backed him to win against either the mare or Trifle. Maria came to post for the second heat perfectly cooled out and looking still like a winner, but she was observed to be a little lame and to feel in her feet the effects of her former race. Collier and May Day were but little distressed and Trifle came from the hands of Col. Selden's trainer in perfect condition. The four stripped again at the usual interval, (which at the South is 45 minutes) Collier and May Day made the running for the first 2 miles, when Maria's steady stride brought her along side, and in the next half mile ahead of both. The black mare kept the track, dropping Collier and May Day fast, and followed at a short distance by Trifle, who had also headed the other two. In rounding the turn in the last half mile, Trifle again challenged and again went by the mare, in the same place and in the same style as in the former heat, evincing no signs of tire and winning by a length in 7 m 55 s. She kept up her stride, and showed an endurance that astonished those who witnessed this extraordinary performance. In this heat Black Maria ran her 20th mile of that week in 1 m 53 s.

A trotting match for a purse of $250 took place immediately after, of which I saw but one heat, few men had patience to wait for a second, and still fewer stand for a third. Top Gallant won in 8 m. 29 or 30 s. It was the first, and I judge will be the last, over the Central Course. It was not designed to take place on the day of any regular race; but the rain of Thursday, pushed the four mile day over to Saturday.

So ended the first fall meeting of the Maryland Jockey Club. To say they have succeeded in giving interest and character to this beautiful and manly sport, is but faint praise; they have done more, by proving that neither vice nor immorality follow in the train of a horse race. They have divested it of every objectionable feature, and have rendered this truly rational amusement, innocent as well as useful to all classes of society. They have added to the wealth and resources of the State by the *creation of an institution*, where the value of a blood horse may be ascertained by a trial of his speed and endurance. This has been for thousands of years past, and will probably continue to be for as many to come, the only mode of selecting those best adapted to improve the breed. While admiring the respectability and orderly deportment of the assemblage collected, I could not help wishing, that some of the moral and political speculators, who think a tirade against horse racing the surest and safest, as well as the shortest way to the popularity they so much covet, and so fear to lose, had been there, to see the difference between these lawful and *well regulated* races, and such as weekly, if not daily, disgrace every county of those States, where there is a law *against it*, but which they cannot, or dare not execute. They are taking a sure way of demoralizing their people, by the enaction of laws that are despised, and the infraction of which, public opinion prevents them from punishing.—Experience will one day teach them, that where they cannot *govern*, they had better *guide*.

Yours, GODOLPHIN.

Augusta, Me. Oct. 5, 1831.

TROUT FISHING IN MAINE.—*Mr. Editor:*—For the information of brothers of the angle, in other parts of the Union, I am induced to make the following extracts from some hasty notes, written during the past season, on my return from several trout fishing excursions in this neighbourhood. The season has not been so favourable as usual, owing to the great quantity of rain which has fallen.

March 27. In company with a gentleman from Augusta, killed eight trout from the ice in the pond—fishing into the stream.

March 31. Killed four trout of a large size—the travelling so bad as almost to spoil the sport.

April. During this month had fine sport—the trout very plenty. Used the white worm with success, and found the smelt an excellent bait.

May 2. Killed twenty-two trout, weighing 48 1-2 lbs. I suppose that we have killed at least 300 lbs. of trout in this and the preceding month.

I am here induced to make a few remarks in relation to the trout, being the result of personal observation. From March until the first of May the trout are found at the mouth of the stream, and may be killed in great numbers. At this time they possess an exquisite flavour. I think the oak or white worm the most enticing bait, although I have seen them as readily take the shiner or smelt. The smelt spawns in the latter part of April. At this time the trout follows them up the stream, and may then be taken at the bridge. In the month of May and the early part of June the trout follows the smelt down to the pond, and may not be readily taken until the latter part of August.

June 4. I this day visited the pond, but found the trout scarce—I killed six in as many hours. These trout were taken at the bridge which is thrown over the stream that unites the two ponds.

July. Visited the stream, with several gentlemen, at different times in this month, but without any success.

August 7. Fished a few hours at Rogers's Spring. Saw several trout break water, and at length hooked a large one, which carried away my great hook.

Note.—In ground fishing for trout, never fish with a single gut.

August 20. Visited the stream, with B. in company. Saw several trout—caught one by accidentally hooking him in the belly. He weighed 5 lbs.

August 25. Killed one trout weighing 2 lbs.—baited with the minnow.

September 12. Killed a trout weighing 2 lbs. at the deep hole above the bridge. Baited with grasshopper.

September 14. Killed a trout at the upper spring, weighing 1 3-4 lbs. Baited with angle worm. Saw the trout very numerous; but they would neither take the bait or rise to the fly.

September 18. Killed seven trout at Thatch bed—weight 21 lbs.—largest 4 lbs.

September 21. In company with Major L. killed seventeen trout, weighing 10 lbs. at a deep hole—largest 3 1-4 lbs.

September 23. In company with Major L. killed sixteen trout at a deep hole, in two hours—largest 3 lbs. Very pleasant morning, and the fish took the bait freely.

September 26. Left Augusta at 12 A. M.—at half past 1 P. M. commenced fishing. Killed nineteen trout, weighing 17 1-2 lbs.—largest 3 1-4 lbs. Returned to Augusta at 8 P. M.—distance 10 miles.

I will give you further extracts from my journal, from time to time, with a view to afford proper information to my brothers of the angle, as to time and place, for killing the best trout this country can afford.

Yours respectfully, J. R. P.
American Turf Register.

ANECDOTE.—An otter, in the possession of a gentleman farmer, near Cupar Angus, in Forfarshire, was quite domesticated; it was as tame as a dog, and every night slept with one of the farmer's sons. He still retained his natural love for fish, and in the day-time regularly frequented a loch in the neighbourhood, for the purpose of procuring this food, but would always come out of the water, when called by any person of the family, and which was very often ascertained in order to satisfy the curiosity of strangers who were desirous of seeing this animal.—*Rural Sports.*

STRANGE AFFECTION.—A foxhound bitch, property of Mr. A. Thornton, of Caroline county, Va. was in last spring, at the death of a she fox. Soon after, she was found laying at a hollow tree, which being cut open, was found to have been the den of the she fox, and to contain seven fox whelps, quite young. On being taken out, the hound bitch coiled herself about them, and eagerly gave them suck. Her own pups were put with a foster mother and she, with maternal care, nursed the young foxes on the farm, where there were several other dogs, and where they remained unmolested until fit to wean. They were then put in a neighbouring wood, but persisted in returning occasionally to the homestead, where, true to their nature, they depredated on the poultry yard, until it became necessary to destroy them. Many are the morals that might be drawn from this incident, which is no *fable*. No virtue more beautiful than offering shelter to the fatherless—the more striking when exercised in despite of country and family prejudices. But the conduct of the young fox shows how far beyond the force of education is that of nature! Is it not so with some animals that are not four-footed? *Ib.*

FIGHT BETWEEN SAMPSON AND BROWN.—The good folks of Doncaster were on Monday, September 19th, enlivened, though not honored, by a fight, in addition to their racing amusements.—The competitors were Brown and Sampson, whose match for £200 a side, it will be recollected, has been standing over for upwards of a year and a half, in consequence of Sampson declining to go to the scratch at Ludlow, according to the original understanding, and the stake-holder not having appointed a second time and place of meeting until the present occasion. Both men have been in training for some time, and arrived at Doncaster on Sunday. The match, from its long delay, as well as the prostrate state of pugilistic sports, excited little interest, and led to very few betting speculations till the eve and morning of the battle, when some "business" was done at five and six to four on Sampson.

The Mayor of Doncaster having signified his intention to prevent the mill in his jurisdiction, it was determined to pitch the stakes in a field near Pegburn Leys, the estate of Earl Fitzwilliam, about five miles to the north of Doncaster. Thither Oliver and Frostyfaced Fogo bent their course, and a very excellent piece of turf was chosen. In order that the fight might come off before the races commenced, it was ordered that the men should be in the ring between eight and nine o'clock in the morning—and previous to that time the road to the scene of action was thronged by all classes, who mustered in strong force on the appointed spot, the toddlers being by far the most numerous.

Shortly before nine the men entered the ring, Brown taking the lead, attended by Matt. Robinson and Tom Oliver, and Sampson by Jem Ward and Harry Holt. Sampson declined shaking hands with his antagonist, and both commenced peeling without delay. Two umpires and a referee having been appointed, the men were brought to the scratch—neither looked in "slap-up" condition, but Sampson had the advantage in symmetry of person, while Brown had the advantage in length and weight. Sampson's friends did not fail to chafe the Bridgenorth Hero, and to apply every opprobrious epithet to him which their hostility could suggest. Brown, however, was cool and steady, and although the party was evidently strong against him, he seemed to have no fears for the result.

THE FIGHT AND ROBBERY.—Precisely at twenty-one minutes after nine the battle commenced.—The first round lasted nearly ten minutes, which was occupied by cautious waiting on both sides. Brown stopped an effort from Sampson's left, and shortly after planted his right on Sampson's head; after a slight exchange of hits, Brown then closed and threw his man, falling heavily upon him. In the second round both men were more anxious for the affray, and after little play Sampson dashed in and planted his left heavily on Brown's left eye, which instantly swelled up, and first blood was proclaimed amidst thundering shouts from the Samposonites. A second left handed hit on the ear brought the men to a close, and in the close Sampson was again down. In the third round Brown lost no time in rushing to a close; Sampson hit up well when in, and in the close both went down, Sampson under. It was now two to one on Sampson. In the fourth round, however, Brown hit him down with his right on the side of the head, and this was the first knock-down blow. From this to the 15th round Sampson had the best of the out-fighting, jobbing his man right and left with great severity on both eyes, and giving woeful evidence of the force of his blows by the altered state of Brown's ogles. Still Brown fought with unshrinking game, and rushed in to hit right and left, but he hit overhanded with his right, catching Sampson on the side of the head without making much visible impression; Sampson, however, began to show symptoms of weakness, and in this (the 15th) round, after a wild rally, in which heavy hits were exchanged, Brown succeeded in grasping him for the throw, which he obtained, and on going down caught Sampson's head under his arm and gave him a severe twist in the spine as he fell. This was not relished by Sampson's partizans, and an attempt was made to break in the ring, but for the moment it was successfully resisted, or rather not persevered in.

In the 16 and 17 rounds Sampson had rather the advantage, but in the 18th Brown put in a good nobber close to the temple with his right, and closed for the fall, when Sampson slipped from his grasp to avoid, but obviously weak. Brown now went viciously to work, right and left, Sampson retreating; at last they got to the ropes, and Sampson again got down. In the 20th round a desperate rally was fought: both hit away with fury, and Sampson was thrown. (The ring was again broke in, but again were the intruders repressed.) In the next round, however, Brown, pursuing his bustling system, stood upon no repairs, but went to work, and catching Sampson on the ropes, hit him severely on the head several times, till he fell almost senseless. This was the signal for a simultaneous rush to the ring; a friend of Sampson's gave the office to "come in," and the roped arena was instantly crowded with persons armed with sticks, who were evidently bent on preventing a fair issue to the battle. Sampson, on coming to himself, claimed "a foul blow," but this was decided against him; and the referee, seeing that there was no chance of the fight being continued with fairness, retired, and on his arrival at Doncaster stated that Brown was the winner, so persuaded was he that Sampson had not a chance. This was the impression of all the respectable persons present, and any odds might have been had on Brown. Such a conclusion, however, did not suit the "books" of those who broke in the ring, and after the retirement of the referee, the fight was continued very imprudently on the part of Brown. Several rounds were contested amidst the most dreadful confusion, during which Brown was beaten on the head with sticks, and kicked by the mob in the most disgraceful manner. Still he fought on, and although all "time keeping" was out of the question, did his best. He had but a slight glimmering of sight from one eye, and of this he would have been deprived but from a cut, which let out the blood and allayed the swelling. In this horrible state of disorder the fighting continued, till Brown's friends saw he would not be permitted to win, and as his life was in hazard, they determined on taking him away. The fight was of course claimed on the part of Sampson, but there was a universal outcry against the gross injustice which had been done to Brown, and almost every backer of Brown declared he would not pay, while several of the most influential betting men said they could not receive under such circumstances.

Both men were taken off the ground to their respective inns, and in an hour after the fight, a backer of Brown met the Stakeholder at the Subscription Rooms and protested against his giving up the stakes without consulting the umpires and the referee. The Stakeholder however said, "he had already given the money to Sampson, and there was an end of it." Against this extraordinary and unprecedented proceeding there was no remedy, and poor Brown was left to the consolations of a battered head and empty pockets. The rule of the ring is, that "all betts go with the battle money," but we suspect from the public declarations in this instance, that this rule will not be observed.

It was clear from the first that a premeditated plan was laid to prevent Sampson from losing if he could not win—and that he had lost all fair chance of winning in the 21st round, was universally acknowledged. He had been severely hit on the side of the head: and added to this, the injury of the spine was such, that, until bled at Doncaster, he could not stand upright.—Brown, on the contrary, was strong and fresh to the last; and although nearly blind, became so formidable in his attacks, that Sampson shrunk from the ponderous fall of his blows. It would be useless to pursue description, however, where a barefaced robbery was so apparent.—Many singular remarks were made on the precipitation with which the Stakeholder gave up the stakes, but, upon reflection, the surprise on this subject soon subsided. We think we may now fairly say we have recorded "the last speech and dying words of the Fancy."—*Bell's Life in London.*

INSTRUCTIONS FOR YOUNG SPORTSMEN.—*Damascus Barrels.*—Most sportsmen are aware that a twisted barrel is formed by horse nails, or other tough iron, being beat out to a long bar, then twisted round a kind of anvil, much in the same manner as leather is put round the handle of a whip-crop. The Damascus is a mixture of iron and steel, and has its grain directly crossways when beat out; so that the bar of Damascus, when twisted, forms a continuation of small grains running longitudinally, which must be more liable to open, if not to burst, than a continued round of solid well-beat iron. It may be compared to a piece of wood cut across, instead of with the grain. All this may be easily demonstrated, by putting some acid to eat away the iron. I should not have ventured to pronounce my feeble judgment on a point of this kind, was it not that I am of the same opinion as Mr. Joseph Manton, and some other first-rate gunmakers.

I shall now conclude under the head of "Barrels," with a copy, verbatim, from a part of my journal when last at Birmingham.

"Saw the process of making Damascus barrels, the mixture of iron and steel for which is beat out in long bars, and then, previously to being wound round the anvil, twisted by a kind of turning lathe, (similar to wringing cloths when wet, and then beat flat again. Although these are by far the dearest barrels that are made, yet the price of one in Birmingham is very trifling; viz.

	£.	s.	d.
Forging,	1	10	0
Boring and grinding,	0	5	0
Filing and patent breech,	0	11	0
Proof,	0	1	6
	2	7	6

"The stub Barrels, which are generally used for best guns, cost about sixteen shillings each.

"Went to the proof house, and was present at the proving of an immense number of barrels. The proof, as ordered by the last act of Parliament, is to one ounce ball, thirteen drams and a half of best cartridge powder, with a very stiff wadding of paper each; and so on, more or less, according to whatever ball will tightly fit the calibre. It has been observed to me here, that the London gunmakers do not go the cheapest way to work, as they commonly employ the tradesmen of the town, instead of the master workmen, who actually do the business, and consequently, they have to pay an extra price, beyond prime cost, for the article with which their country agent supplies them. Their reason, however, may be much to their credit—a wish to secure the best barrels. Was I a gunmaker, however, I should prefer keeping at Birmingham a first-rate foreman, or agent of my own, who could pick and choose, and supply me direct from the factories.

"All shooting articles in Birmingham are usually sold, or to use the term of trade 'put in,' by the dozen, at mere nothing in comparison with the retail price. One of the best shops at which I stocked myself was that of Messrs. Allen and Reneaud, No. 7, Whittal street, who supply many of the gunmakers with all kinds of turnscrews, brushes, tools, &c.; and who also deal in fishing-rods, reels, and almost every thing that can be required in the sporting way, at about one-fifth of the price that you pay in London."

ELEVATION of a single gun is readily obtained, by the additional thickness at the breeching, by placing which in a line with the muzzle, the calibre is, of course, so much elevated, as to bring the centre of it full up to the line of aim, which, were the barrels of the same size at each end, would of course be completely under the mark.

With the elevation of double guns, we remained for many years rather in ignorance. The groove between the barrels was considered, by many as an easier sight, than that of a single gun. This may be for a sitting shot, or a bird flying straight from you; but for a cross shot, I consider it a disadvantage: as, when this sunk groove is levelled before the object, that object becomes so far obscured, by the barrel next to it, that, if a moment is lost in firing, we are ignorant how far we are pointing before it.

In order to prevent shooting under, it became necessary to what was called set up barrels; that is, to bend them upwards at the end of every season, which to say the least of it, contributed so much to their wear and tear, as to make them, in a few years, somewhat doubtful as to safety.

All these objections, however, were at last admirably remedied by Mr. Joseph Manton's elevation, which, although abused by other gunmakers, has been so closely copied by the greater part of them, more or less, that some infringed on the patent, and others brought out bungling imitations of it, "because the gentlemen would have their guns in the fashion," at the same time well aware of the necessity of an elevation. Those who are above copying tell you that a straight stock will answer the same purpose; but let me ask them, whether it will give so clear and good a sight? and will an elevation, by this means, bring your line of aim on so true a level?

Notwithstanding the elevation was before used for rifles, and seen on some very old guns, yet it must be allowed that, although attempted, it never was brought to such perfection, as to be worthy of being generally imitated, till adopted by Mr. Joseph Manton. As a proof of my original argument in its favour, my readers need only observe how universal this elevation has now become with almost every gunmaker in, and even out of the kingdom.

THE SIGHT is little used, except for beginners, and slow poking shots, who dawdle their guns after a bird for ten or fifteen yards; and therefore, the less it is the better; one scarcely bigger than a pin's head will be more out of the way if not wanted; and for those who require it, the smaller it is the more readily it will help them to the centre.

THE RAMROD, which has a worm, on the same principle as the solid corkscrew, is the best to take hold of all kind of wadding, and admits of a brass cap as well as any. The one made like a screw, after a little wear, is of scarcely any more use than the end of a stick, and the common worm is apt to flatten and become troublesome.

Many young sportsmen have been puzzled by shot falling into the barrel when the ramrod was there; but if, instead of trying to pull it out by force, they would turn the gun upside down, and press the ramrod into the barrel, the shot would immediately become disengaged, and fall out.

Some of the old school, who still keep to the use of paper, have been obliged to leave the field from having wedged in the ramrod, through a neglect to disengage it in time from this sort of wadding. In such a case, I conceive that putting something wet into the barrel, and softening the paper, by using a little friction with the ramrod, would, most probably, disengage it; and, by holding the gun with the muzzle downwards, after the paper had sufficiently absorbed the moisture, the shooter would have less risk of wetting his powder.

A short time ago a hunter, who was sporting on the banks of the lake of Wallenstad, in Switzerland, discovered the nest of one of those destructive birds, the "lammergeyer," a species of vulture; he shot the male, and made his way along a projection of the rock with a view of taking the young birds. He had raised his arm and put his hand into the nest, when the female, hovering over his head unperceived by him, fixed her talons in his arm, and her beak in his side. The sportsman, whom the slightest movement must have precipitated to the bottom of the rock, with that coolness and self-possession so peculiar to the mountain huntsmen of that country, notwithstanding the pain he experienced, remained unmoved. Having his fowling-piece, in his left hand, he placed it against the face of the rock pointed to the breast of the bird, and with his toe, as they always go bare-footed, the better to enable them to hold and climb the rocks, he touched the trigger, and the piece went off, and killed his enemy on the nest. Had the bird been any where else, it must have dragged him down along with it. He procured assistence from the auberge, or inn, hard by, and brought the two birds as trophies of his valor away with him. Some of these birds have been known to measure 17 feet from tip to tip of the wings, and are only equalled in size by the condor of South America.

PORTER & HOWE, Editors and Proprietors.

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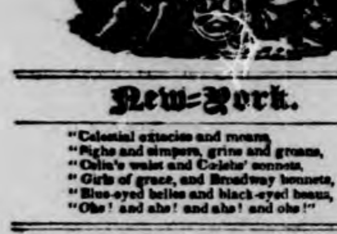

New-York.

"Celestial extacies and moans,
"Sighs and simpers, grins and groans,
"Celia's waist and Coelebs' sonnets,
"Girls of grace, and Broadway bonnets,
"Blue-eyed belles and black-eyed beaus,
"Oho! and aha! and aha! and oho!"

The *Camden Journal* is one of the most amusing papers published: we wish it would arrive more regularly. "Those *Jackson post masters*" are too fond of a good joke to let it pass through their hands. *Reporter.*

We say in sober earnestness to Mr. Daniels, of the Camden Journal, "leave that vile habit of punning,—it will some day or other bring you into trouble"—though *why* we cannot say: it should give no offence to others if as well done as the following:

"Married at Baltimore, Mr. Thomas J. Halfpenny to Miss Matilda N. Alden. There are plenty of envious persons who will be ready enough to call this affair '*small change!*' Let them have their fun out. We, who look upon matters matrimonial more considerately, think it a *great change*; and, as the bridegroom has made the addition of a "*better* half" to his possessions, there can be little doubt that the estate is *doubled*, which every body will acknowledge a *fair* way to "turn a penny."—*Camden Journal.*

The persons alluded to are four hundred miles from the offending wight of an editor; and we dare say that, at such a distance, Mr. and Mrs. *Halfpenny* smile, to think themselves '*two far-things*' for Daniels' puns.—*Phil. U. S. Gazette.*

CURES FOR THE CHOLERA.

Phlogistic—Drink lots of brandy—always take care to have the bottle within reach—be sure to keep a kettle in constant requisition, boiling hot, ready for an immediate manufacture of punch—the instant you are attacked, take to it—do not delay a moment. Use the remedy without procrastination—apply it hot.

Anti-Phlogistic—Use no spirits in any shape—they are mortal poison. Taken plain, immediate poison—taken diluted, slow poison. Drink coffee, and go to bed.

Phlogistic—Eat a mutton chop, or a dozen of them if you can. Get through five meals a day. Be carniverous in all. Victual the garrison, and defy the foreign invader.

Anti-Phlogistic—Avoid the immediate use of animal food. Eat sparingly and temperately.—If you can subsist upon a single meal, do so. Observe that in all the countries where the cholera has appeared, the Jews have escaped, solely on account of their temperance.

Phlogistic—You might as well say it was solely because they dealt in old clothes. Look to India, there first died the rice-eating kindred, then the better fed, but not full fed, Musselmen; then, last of all, the beef-eating generations of Old England.

Anti-Phlogistic—But it was the beef-eating men who carried the disorder into Europe. Be cleanly in your person, in your house, and in your streets.

Phlogistic—Be, therefore, much unlike the Jews who have, you say, escaped the cholera. I do not prescribe for people who are to be warned against the impropriety of wearing a dirty shirt; and I leave the care of the streets to the scavengers.—Use water by all means, externally, as copiously as you like. Beware only of the introduction of that insidious fluid into your stomach.

Anti-Phlogistic—Carefully avoid all places and persons where contagion may be supposed to exist. Keep an anxious watch to guard against the approach of the disease. Remember that prevention is better than remedy.

Phlogistic—Take no thought about it at all.—Set down what you read in the newspapers as three fourths lies, and one fourth exaggeration. Go about in all directions with a jolly heart, knowing that cowardice is the ally of all disease, and that courage is its sworn foe.

Anti-Phlogistic—Immediately send for a doctor, and be careful to follow his remedies.

Phlogistic—Avoid a doctor as you would avoid the plague itself—throw his bottles out of the window, and follow them if you please. Take for granted that humbug is the basis of medicine, and that its practice consists in throwing substances, of which you know little, into a body of which you know less. Is it Boerhaave, or Celsus, or Hippocrates, who says

Punch cures the gout, the *cholic* and the phthisic.

Anti-Phlogistic—Whoever says it, ought to be set down as one of the prime poisoners of mankind. I say be wise in time.

Phlogistic—I say be merry at all times.

* * * * * * * * *

Such is the substance of a conversation which I lately overheard. I had no time to remain any longer; but I believe that the whole matter of the controversy now going forward in the medical world, respecting the fit treatment of cholera, is summed up pretty accurately in the opinions delivered above.

A FIGHT.

A crowd of British worthies having assembled at an alehouse to get rid of their Christmas boxes, a violent dispute arose between a hackney coachman and lamplighter, about which, of them *was dressed in the most genteelest manner*; words soon became so violent, that the quarrel could terminate only in a battle, and the whole party adjourned to Moorfields, where the crowd soon increased; the combatants stripped—

Amid the circle now the champion stands,
And poises high in air his iron hands;
Hurling defiance now they fiercely close,
Their cracking jaws re-echo to the blows.

WATCHMAKER. Go it, my boys; that's the motion—spring at him, seal up his eyes; d—n me, finish him.

SAILOR. Knock out his starboard eye; run in under the guns; get into his wake. Never mind lee shores; douse his glims; shiver his mizen; give him a broadside.

SHOEMAKER. Now my lad of wax; peg away; tan the dog's hide; curry him well, that's my good *sole*; bristle up to him again, Jack; leather him soundly: now you have him fast in the stocks.

FIDDLER. Lick him to some tune—now he quavers.

BRICKLAYER. Give it to him in his upper story; strike his scaffolding; trowel the dog.

CARPENTER. Box him well—glue up his eyes.

TOBACCONIST. Smoke him.

BOOKSELLER. Tip him a second edition of Mendoza—let out his red ink.

GLAZIER. Darken his daylights—that's my diamond; batter his window frames; make the sun shine through him.

BAKER. Peg his dough—hit him in the bread basket—paste up his eyes—give it to him in the crumb.

TAILOR. Stick to his shirts—trim his jacket—lace him—aim at his fifth button—have the other brush—let him see you are a man.

APOTHECARY. Pound the dog—bleed him—give him a dose—dam'me sicken him.

BARBER. Lather away Dick—shave him close, work him a good two penn'orth—dress him, dust him, pin him down tight—beat him to powder—that's the barber.

BLACKSMITH. Hammer away—ply briskly—make his anvil ring again—blow him up, Jack.

UNDERTAKER. Send him to his long home, make the dog mute.

AUCTIONEER. He's going—knock him down.

BUTCHER. Have a good heart—come Ben Bozzle over his jaw bone—give him a cross buttock—flay the dog alive—knock out his liver—brine him—break every bone in his skin.

WATERMAN. Break his scull—bring him down upon his bum-boat—ply your blows quick, very fair.

REMARKABLE BALLOON ASCENSION.—It is rumored that a dashing belle residing in a town, which we do not think proper to mention, a few weeks since met with an unpleasant adventure, which was very nearly proving fatal in its effects. She was promenading on the banks of a river, accompanied by a Gentleman, two female cousins, and a little dog of the Spaniel species—(we love to be particular) when a sudden gust of wind inflated the enormous sleeves of her dress, and became immediately invested with all the properties of highly rarified air. She was suddenly lifted from the ground, to the surprise and horror of her companions, maugre all her agonizing shrieks and prayers for assistance, and wafted high in the air; a sportsman in a neighboring grove, hearing her cries, stepped forth, and perceiving her dilemma—with great presence of mind, took deliberate aim at one of her sleeves; the bullet sped—passed within six feet of her head, and perforating the *balloon*, the air rushed out and she was precipitated from a fearful height into the water—and had not the other sleeve floated her buoyantly on the surface, she must have perished before assistance arrived. She escaped however with no other inconvenience than a slight cold—but was troubled with a hoarseness for several days after the alarming accident.—*Exeter News-Letter.*

A young officer of the national guard has just received a check which will probably cure him of gallantry for life. He had tormented the pretty wife of a dyer during a long time with letters and compliments, followed her about like her shadow, and at last became so terribly importunate, that she revealed the affair to her husband, who desired her to give him an appointment. Hardly had the conference began, when the dyer and several of his workmen appeared, and seizing the unhappy lover gave him a good sousing in a tub of indigo. Then in order that the dye might be solid and durable, they made him stand before a large fire till he was entirely dry. Unfortunately, he was obliged to attend parade the next day, and in consequence he made such plentiful use of soap and *eau-de-Cologne* that the tint of indigo disappeared but it was to give place to a beautiful sky blue.

A mechanic in the North has invented a machine for seminaries, which, by means of steam, not only warms the room but flogs all the boys on a graduated scale, according to their offences!

We wish the same mechanic would invent a machine for paying notes when short of cash.

A French Physician has published a considerable volume on the *medical use of Gold*. He mentions several ways of taking it, and among other effects ascribed to it, he says it produces an exhilaration of the spirits. Of this last effect we have no doubt, *if taken in the pockets.*—*Augusta Courier.*

INFLUENZA.—The Salina Courier says, "if there is power in Congress, we hope they will send the Influenza to the court of Russia, as Embassador Extraordinary, and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Cholera Morbus."